

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXVI. No. 2160

London  
November 18, 1942



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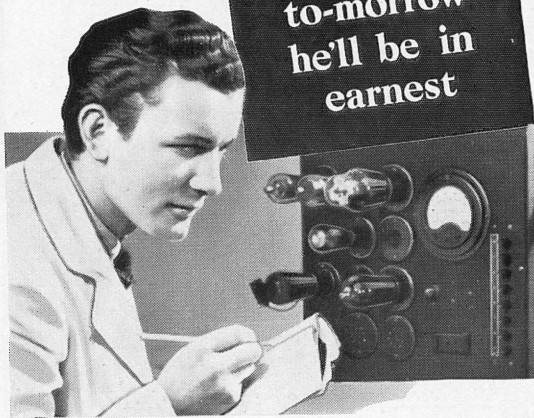
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# THE TATLER

## and BYSTANDER

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General Eisenhower and His Deputy, Lieut. -General M. W. Clark

On Sunday, November 8, the Allied Nations were given the great news of American landings on the North African coast. The troops engaged in liberating North Africa from the threat of Axis domination are under the unified command of Lieutenant-General Dwight D. Eisenhower, with Lieut.-General Mark Wayne Clark as his deputy Commander-in-Chief. General Eisenhower is a tall, fifty-one-year-old Texan; in the last war he served in the Tank Corps and is regarded as an expert in armoured force operations. He came to London in June this year to take over the command of U.S.A. Forces in Europe. Some months ago an Allied Force Headquarters was set up in London by direction of the Combined Chiefs of Staff in Washington, thus signifying the beginning of an offensive phase of war on the part of the United Nations. General Eisenhower was then designated Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Force with a staff of British and American officers





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## "End of the Beginning"

**T**HIS is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is perhaps the end of the beginning." This was the typical Churchillian description of the new and sudden turn the war has taken given by him at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London. Mr. Churchill was in an exuberant mood. His sentences were guarded against undue optimism, but his tones were those of an optimist. He couldn't help it. His lot has truly been "blood, tears, toil and sweat." Reverse after reverse has added to his burden since he became Prime Minister. The load must have been heavy. The relief which has come to him lately must have been very great. He can be forgiven his exuberance, for at last our future begins to take shape. We can see the outline of victory.

The end of the beginning. . . . Unless Hitler has something up his sleeve it is not the end of us or of the Americans or the Russians. After three years the Allies are stronger, more determined, and they are in possession of all the best weapons. This could not be said two years ago, for then the only barrier between Hitler and victory was British determination and the faith of Britons. The end of whom, then, does Mr. Churchill's phrase signify? Hitler will try to ensure that it is not his end. We have seen how the German commanders deserted their Italian Allies in the desert. Does this mean that Hitler intends to desert Mussolini?

## Italy's Plight

**T**HE position of Italy is most pitiable. Mussolini must recognise that his end is

approaching. The occupation of Northern Africa—which must be followed automatically by other lightning strikes in the Mediterranean—is aimed at Italy. Before long, unless Hitler can devise a hurried plan, Italy will be exposed to the full might of the Allied Forces by night and day, by sea and air, and eventually by land. After the series of defeats imposed on the Italians in the desert their military strength and morale must have been seriously weakened. We know that, in some cases, their anti-aircraft defences and their organisation to protect and succour the civilian population are negligible. Now that the war comes nearer to Germany, Hitler has to make up his mind how he is going to defend himself. He warned the world some time ago that Germany was about to go on the defensive. I doubt whether he ever imagined that it would be forced on him in the way that has happened. So we have to watch future signs to see if Hitler is prepared to defend the coast of France, the whole of Germany, and the coast of Italy.

Hitler's occupation of the remainder of France was an indication that he might be contemplating this vast task. Obviously Hitler will know how vulnerable such a long defensive line must be. Viewing the turn of events in this way it is easy to be very optimistic. But Hitler must remember that he is almost like a rat in a trap. His speech in Munich, celebrating the anniversary of the futile 1923 Nazi putsch, was one long snarl. We must be prepared for Hitler to fight like a rat. Much depends, of course, if those who have fought and suffered for Hitler are also prepared to fight this way.



## The President Votes

Before casting his vote in the recent American elections, President Roosevelt signed the register in the Town Hall at Hyde Park, N.Y. When Mr. J. W. Finch (right), Chairman of the Election Board, asked him his occupation, the President replied "Farmer"

## Italian Prophecy

**I** REMEMBER just before Italy entered the war, a prominent Italian told me, with remarkable philosophic calm, that the side on which Italy fought was bound to lose the war. The majority of Italians seemed to share that view, although they dared not voice it. I was in Rome a fortnight before Mussolini took the plunge, supported completely and confidently by the King of Italy. The people I spoke to hated the war, and the prospect of their being involved in it. I have never known such unorganised mental resistance. Yet the Italians had not the will to keep themselves out of the war. They followed Mussolini like sheep. If that was so then, it is difficult to believe that after their suffering, poverty and starvation, they can now summon sufficient will to withdraw from the war. To begin with, there is no leader in sight, and with the failure of Fascism there appears to be nothing but disintegration.

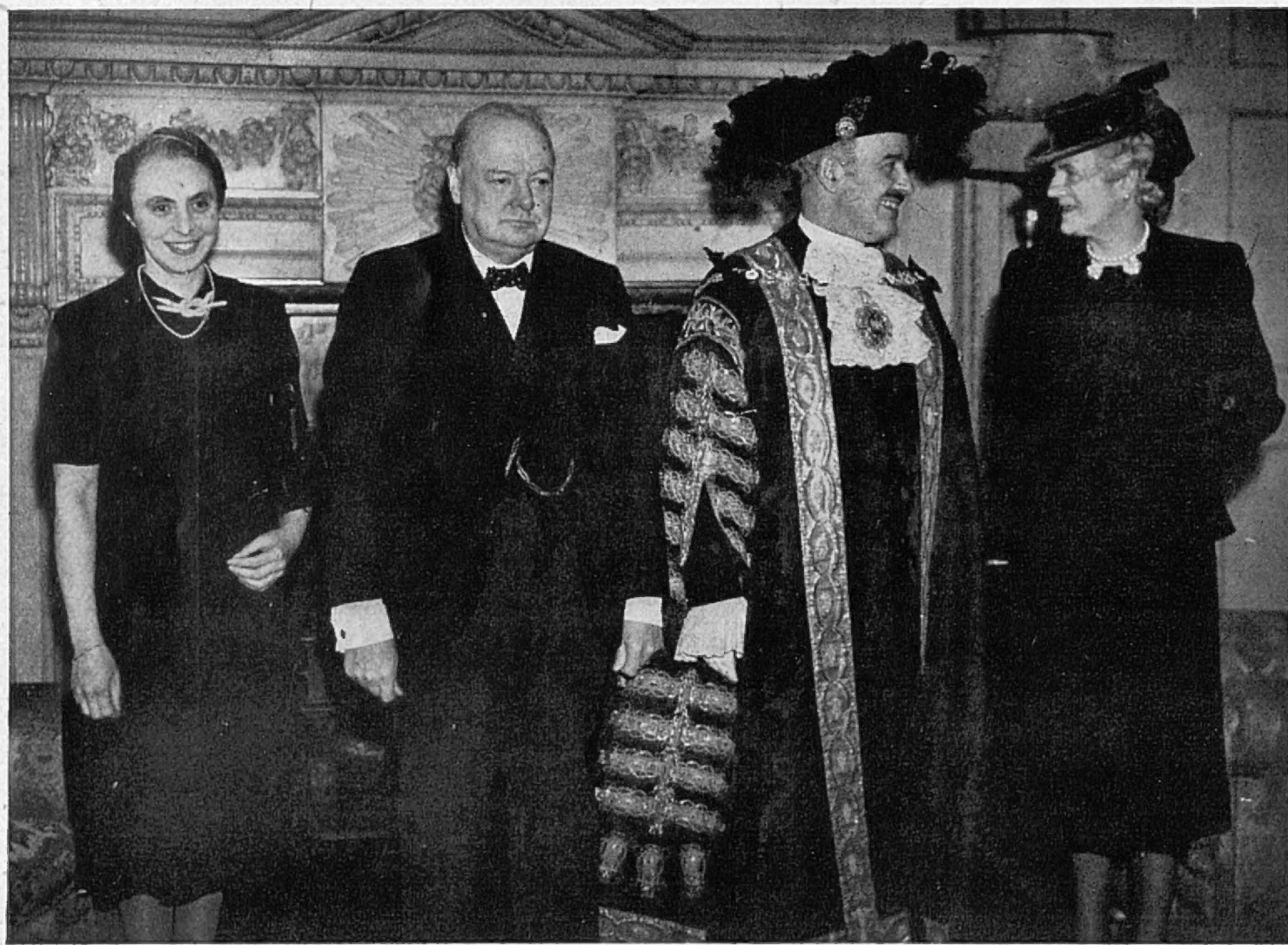
A disintegrated State will be a problem for Hitler. Will he think it worth while maintaining much-needed forces in the country, or will he desert Italy? Even should he decide to try and save Italy, it will always be an unhappy combination. Laval can never make the French like the Italians. Mussolini will never make the Italians like the Germans; and the Germans despise both the French and the Italians.

## Whitehall Austerity

**E**VEN though he was flushed with success, and went into the City of London as on a triumphal progress, Mr. Churchill did not forget the necessities of the hour. He drove in a baby car. He could have had a limousine for such an occasion, but Mr. Churchill is imposing on himself the austerity orders operating in Whitehall. All Ministers have been ordered to use smaller cars and thereby save petrol.

## State Opening

**T**HE King, accompanied by the Queen, opened the new session of Parliament, but there was none of the former panoply of State. It was a simple occasion, crammed with dignity. The speech from the throne contained nothing surprising. There were a number of



## At The Lord Mayor's Day Luncheon

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill attended the Lord Mayor's Day Luncheon, which was held this year at the Mansion House. They are seen here with Sir Samuel Joseph (the Lord Mayor) and Lady Joseph. The Prime Minister was loudly cheered during his speech, when he declared that we were perhaps now at "the end of the beginning," and he received a great ovation on his way to and from the City





Brigadier-General Doolittle is commanding the American Air Forces in North Africa. He won the Congressional Medal for his leadership of the American bombing raid on Tokio in April



Walter Stoneman

Doolittle, Cunningham and Ryder: the Three in Command in North Africa.

Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham is in charge of the British and American Naval units serving with General Eisenhower in the Allied Forces Expedition in French North Africa. He was head of the Admiralty Delegation in Washington since last April



Major-General Charles W. Ryder is in command of the United States ground forces which landed at Algiers. The town surrendered very shortly after the American occupation, resistance being mainly confined to naval and coastal artillery

workmanlike proposals on which Parliament will legislate in the coming months. But in the atmosphere of the austere ceremony there was forged a new bond between King and Parliament, which signifies continued faith and renewed determination. At the Mansion House, Mr. Churchill had epitomised this bond in these words. "I am proud to be a member of the vast Commonwealth and society of nations and communities gathered in and around the ancient British monarchy, without which the good cause might well have perished from the face of the earth." This is a noble tribute to the part the King has played in the war effort, which is rightly deserved.

### Mighty Planning

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has told the world how the North African campaign was organised. In London and Washington experts began to work out a plan nine months ago. It is remarkable how well the secret was kept. While many people seemed to know about possibilities of the operation, the Germans and Italians were completely fooled. They did not expect such a thorough, large-scale operation. They were caught napping. There is an interesting theory to account for this. It appears that the German High Command have placed implicit trust in the reports of German submarine commanders. They have kept careful tally of the inflated claims made by these individuals about the Allied tonnage they have sunk. With this information the German High Command have felt confident that it would be impossible for Britain, even with the help of America, to find the necessary shipping. Confident in their calculations, the German High Command encouraged Hitler to sneer about the Second Front. Imagine the surprise—the blow the German High Command must have received—when they learned of the vast armada which appeared off the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts of North Africa. It was the mightiest fleet ever congregated. It represented a triumph of organisation. Ships came from all points of the compass, big ships, small ships, submarines, transports, oil tankers, freighters. They met on time and according to schedule and fell into line. There doesn't

seem to have been one mistake. General Eisenhower's praise was the sincerest tribute to the British Navy and their American colleagues. Obviously the German High Command will have to check their submarine reports and revise their plans and hopes. I believe this mustering of shipping, when so much was supposed to have been sunk, will be a deadly psychological blow to those who are supposed to know all the facts in Germany. At the same time, the submarine menace remains real. Already Hitler has indicated that the attacks on our shipping are to be increased. It is one way in which he can gamble for a time.

### Darlan versus Laval

THE appearance of Admiral Jean Darlan in Algiers at the moment of the landing of American forces caused some surprise at first. Since Laval intrigued Darlan from his position as Vice-Premier six months ago, there has been bitterness between them. Darlan was named in Marshal Pétain's political testament as his successor as head of the Vichy State. All these ambitions vanished when Laval was made Prime Minister. Like other Vichy ministers it appears that Darlan has lately reached the conclusion that Hitler must lose the war. As head of the French Navy, Admiral Darlan has always believed that he held the trump card. When his son's health was causing him serious alarm, he sent his wife and the remainder of his family to Algiers some time ago. When action by the United States seemed imminent he was visiting naval establishments in North Africa. Thus when the American forces entered Algiers they found him there.

### Rommel's Rout

WHEREVER men meet there will always be an outstanding incident in the rout of Rommel's army which will cause discussion. Should General Montgomery have shaken hands with General von Thoma, his captive? Already I have heard many heated arguments. Some of these were to the effect that our Russian Allies would be annoyed by the incident. Others argued that it would cause the Germans to think that we were not serious

in our determination to subdue them. But those who know General Montgomery are not impressed either way. The fact is that a lecture from General Montgomery is no tête-à-tête. Those who sat under him when he was lecturing to the Staff College for six years know this. He's tough, dogmatic and brusque. He can be very unpleasant, and therefore they say that von Thoma no doubt received a very good talking to which left him in no doubt that he had been defeated fairly and squarely.



King Haakon in Edinburgh

King Haakon of Norway, while in Edinburgh, opened an exhibition of Norwegian life and culture. Here he is with Mr. Tom Johnstone, Secretary of State for Scotland, and Mrs. Eric Coban, the Norwegian Minister's wife



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Announcing the Dilysians

By James Agate

An extract from a letter:—

"On Thursday afternoon I went to see the Noel Coward film. Isn't it both trivial and horrid? Absolute lack of imagination in handling, and no drama at all. *Cavalcade* all over again. Very cheap and very nasty. Any sausage manufacturer could have done it as well: not a single solitary ha'porth of artistry. I never saw so clearly that film actors were puppets and could do no more than was set down for them by the director. As for the Dunkirk survivors: what a scene that should have been, and by Heaven, will be one day, in the right hands! Of course I wept at once and continuously. . . ."

My correspondent, whom I take to be a woman, is obviously one of those highbrows *dont je raffole*. In other words, I suspect her of being a Dilysian. My cherished colleague, who henceforth gives her name to the abstruse coterie, wrote a Sunday or two ago:—

"But to instance a scrap of literature embedded in a film is beside the point; if the film has its own validity as an art it must affect us by its own methods, which are basically, though not exclusively, visual."

OUR Arch-Dilysian goes on:—

"The pictorial effect in *Green Pastures* of the hands touching Moses's shoulder in farewell is more moving than speech."

What a bungler then was Shakespeare! What a time-waster to bother with that speech beginning:—

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul"—with all that rigmarole about quenching flaming ministers. Unless I am being wildly unfair, we shall presently be reading "The pictorial effect in *Green Eyed Monster* of Othello's fingers snuffing the candle is more moving than any speech of Shakespeare."

YES, I am afraid *In Which We Serve* is woefully deficient in visual tomfoolery. When the men in the water cling to a raft it is obviously a raft they are clinging to and not a sledge

or other dubious object. Or should I write, symbol of dubiety? When you see the sailor going home in a third-class railway compartment it is obviously a third-class railway compartment he is going home in. When the soldiers from Dunkirk line up on the quay they are obviously "browned-off," utterly, entirely and completely browned off. There has been discussion recently by some of our graver innocents as to the origin of the soldiers' phrase so well-known to the mounted regiments before the present war. And I suggest that the exact equivalent of the cavalryman's expression of ennui is to be found in Zola's *Nana*. The scene is the Café des Variétés; at one of whose marble-topped tables is sitting Satin, the little *rouleuse du boulevard*. Zola writes:—

"Mais elle était si voyou, qu'on s'amusait à la faire causer. Et le journaliste, haussant la voix:—

'Que fais-tu donc là, Satin?'

'Je m'emmerde,' répondit Satin tranquillement, sans bouger."

Just as Satin sat at her little table, calm and unfussed, boring herself to death—Smollett would not have boggled at a more literal translation—so the troops in Noel's picture stand at some semblance of attention, calm, unfussing, and bored with death. And really I do not see how the Dilysians are going to find a visual image to improve upon Mr. Coward's unadorned statement of fact.

FORTUNATELY my correspondent's last sentence gives her and the Dilysians away in handfuls. She confesses that she wept, and that seems to me to be the be-all and end-all of any picture which sets out to make people weep. When I see a film so put together that reading a notice of it you imagine you have strayed into the wrong column and an article about some Surrealist exhibition at the Lefèvre Galleries, why then I realise that this film will make me laugh, not weep.

LET me now turn to something which very nearly made me weep and not laugh. This is *Road To Morocco* (Plaza), the programme of which contains the following remarkable note, the appositeness of which I will not stress:—

"Every once in a while, movie-makers remember their medium's voiceless beginning and revive for a scene or two the art of pantomime. Often these scenes are among the best in the picture, which must prove something. Maybe what it proves is that films always were and always will be based on visual appeal."

The programme continues:—

"Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, in *Road to Morocco*, play a dual pantomime scene which rivals their brightest exchanges of dialogue for laughter. They are dining 'on the cuff' in a small Moroccan café, when a fierce-looking native at the bar signals to Bing. That worthy strolls over to him and negotiates a business deal. The deal consists of selling Bob to the native for two hundred dollars. All arrangements are made in sign language. Bing explains Bob's best muscular points with gestures, and haggles over the price the same way. At first the object of the sale goes on eating. Then, as he watches proceedings at the bar, he registers concern and, finally, downright protest. Considerable footage is given to the scene and not a word is spoken throughout."

I am not sure that this film does not make the best of both worlds, that of the Dilysians, and mine. There comes a moment when a camel puts its head through the wall of a tent and with his chin touching Bing's shoulder, says: "This is the screwiest picture I was ever in." Perhaps some day this intelligent animal will be given a chance in the highbrow films; let me assure him that he will find them far screwier than this one. Incidentally I found Bob's material hopelessly unfunny, Bing's melodies even trashier than usual, while Dorothy Lamour wanders through the picture looking and being glum.

What about *The War Against Mrs. Hadley* (Empire)? It was Dick Phenyl who said that: "No man is quite so sober as the individual who is occasionally otherwise. All his acuteness is concentrated upon his brief lucid intervals, and in those intervals his acuteness is devilish." But Dick's acuteness at its highest was as nothing compared with that of the Dilysians when they are not Dilysiating. The Head of the new order describes the Empire film as "a new phase in which Hollywood, having done with the brave British, now shows the American matron finding there is a war on, my dear." I couldn't agree more.



Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Young Co-star in "Cairo"—a Film of Nazi Espionage (Empire)

As war correspondent Homer Smith, Robert Young finds himself in Cairo, strangely entangled with mysterious Teutonic gentlemen and dark ladies of much glamour. He suspects the wrong girl of spy intrigue and in order to disclose her duplicity becomes her butler. Last-minute rescue party finally saves Homer from an awful death. Left: Homer Smith becomes Marcia Warren's butler (Robert Young, Jeanette MacDonald). Right: Nazi spies confer on possibilities of success (Mona Barrie, Edward Ciannelli, Lionel Atwill)



## Success Story

At Twenty-three, after  
Three Hit Movies,  
Teresa Wright is a Star

Teresa Wright's first appearance in this country was in the early part of the year when the film version of Lillian Hellman's 1939 Broadway success, *The Little Foxes*, was shown in London. As Alexandra Giddens, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a much-loved father (Herbert Marshall) and a very unpleasant mother (Bette Davis), Teresa Wright gave a moving performance, outstanding in so inexperienced a player. Teresa Wright was discovered by Sam Goldwyn when playing on Broadway in *Life With Father*. He gave her her chance in *The Little Foxes* and this was followed almost immediately by an important part in *Mrs. Miniver* with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. In her third and latest movie, *Pride of the Yankees*, Teresa Wright plays opposite Gary Cooper as Mrs. Lou Gehrig, wife of the great baseball hero who was fatally overcome with paralysis. In May this year, Teresa Wright married scenario writer Niven Busch in Hollywood.



As Mrs. Lou Gehrig in "*Pride of the Yankees*"



As Alexandra Giddens in "*The Little Foxes*"



As Carol Miniver in "*Mrs. Miniver*," with Greer Garson



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Murder From Memory (Ambassadors)

HOSTS that walk and talk were comparatively common in the old drama. They are seldom seen on the stage today. An impetuous thriller here and there may blend the quick and the dead, but such ghosts as a rule are of the red-herring order, more talked about than palpable. Few are cast for such important parts as that of the Ghost in *Hamlet*; still fewer haunt the scenes with the hair-raising nonchalance of the apparitions in Strindberg's *Spook Sonata*. And even those fountain phantoms and street stalkers in shrouds, though visible, were dumb. They were embodied shadows, not vital entities; and their service to the drama was atmospheric rather than vivid. Yet they were effective enough to make hardened critics, at a special performance of that nightmare play some years ago, pace the corridors in the interval, gibbering. It takes genius to do that.

The genius of Mr. Ronald Millar, author of *Murder From Memory*, is, one suspects, as yet in bud. His play is not without its supernatural suggestions, but they are of a fishy order. ("Holy Mackerel!" one of the characters exclaims in a moment of justifiable tension.) Ghosts are mooted, but do not materialise. And while the young ladies of the company concede girlish shivers, and the young men are chivalrously valiant, the unaccountable remains in the end not very clearly accounted for. The play itself is somewhat ingenuous in theme and discursive in treatment. The narrative course is a series of situational obliquities, and these are littered, so to speak, with fences which the author tends to burke, or else takes in an impulsive stride. His characters, for the most part, are true to thriller type, and dutifully follow the line of least reasonable resistance. Red herrings diversify the narrative offing.

THE curtain rises on a dark and stormy night, a good old-fashioned Christmas Eve. Six of the characters are discovered shivering



Kynaston Career, the psychist, is determined to uncover the hidden mysteries of the lonely country house. He suspects Rackham, the butler, and subjects him to the necessary "third degree" (Ernest Milton, Wilfrid Caithness)

but loquacious, in the compartment of a snow-bound train. The nearest station is some miles away. And as the guard holds out little hope of further progress till the line is cleared, they get out and trudge through the snow in search of food, warmth and shelter, to say nothing of the plot.

This not very persuasive prologue leads to their assembly at a house that offers generous but eerie hospitality. Fires are burning in the well-furnished rooms, everything is spick and



Brown is the tough guy of the party, forced on the others by his fellow need for shelter from the storm. The garrulous humour of Mr. Higgins upsets him and a further disaster is only narrowly averted (Claude Bailey, Roy Emerton, Williams Lloyd)

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



It takes all the sound common sense of Lesley Sheringham to dispel the fears of Sally Scott, the psychic chorus girl. Sally has strained her ankle and will not be left alone in the strange house (Sophie Stewart, Edna Wood)

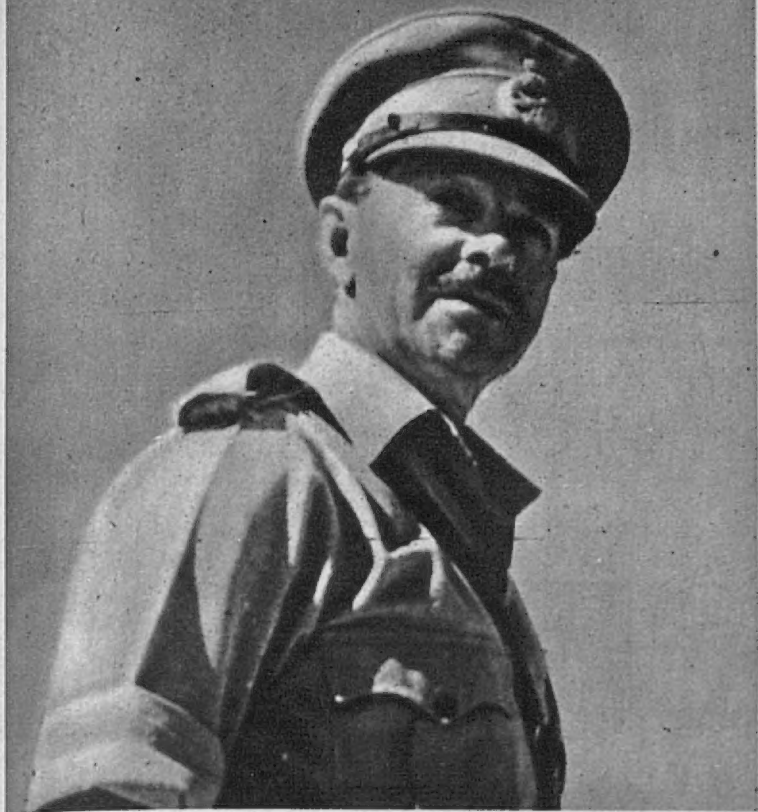
span, the larder is seasonably stocked, and there is wine in the cellar. But these are the only signs of occupation. It is the Hänsel and Gretel theme with modern variations. They explore the house, congratulate themselves on their apparent good fortune, and decide to camp there for the night.

That good fortune, however, does not long remain unqualified, but grows even more puzzling and more perilous. There are intricate complications. One of their number, a burly, ungracious navvy, whom no one likes, turns out to be a homicidal maniac in full kill. Another is, socially speaking, little but a wandering sneeze. One of the young ladies sprains her ankle; and the rest, with one notable exception, are young and simple souls who display the unaffected hopes, fears and fond propensities of those who recruit the ranks of such forthright little thrillers.

The exception (fortunately for them) is an amateur detective with a flair for the occult and a clinical interest in crime. He happens also (fortunately for us) to be Mr. Ernest Milton, whose presence would fortify any company. He takes charge of the investigations, and with plausible perspicience draws his own conclusions. He beards the homicide whose voice and mien might well have daunted Sherlock Holmes, reassures the distressed damsels, expatiates on the fourth dimension into which the adventure strays, and does all that mere deduction may to unravel as tangled a family feud, replete with mystery and murder, as ever inspired a dramatist to stick at nothing, except logic, to keep us guessing.

Is the result entertaining? The answer to that pertinent question depends on one's prejudice in favour of the humdrum laws of probability as opposed to the impulsive assumptions of fantasy. The accumulation of teasing detail may bewilder, the spooky disappointment; but the humans would not deceive a fly. Moreover, Miss Sophie Stewart, as the leading young lady, supplies the practical comfort in adversity which was the forte of Mrs. Swiss Family Robinson; and Mr. Ernest Milton—to whom King Lear, Hamlet, and such major roles are all in the year's work—endows the detective with wisdom, humour, and charm.





*General Alexander in the Desert*

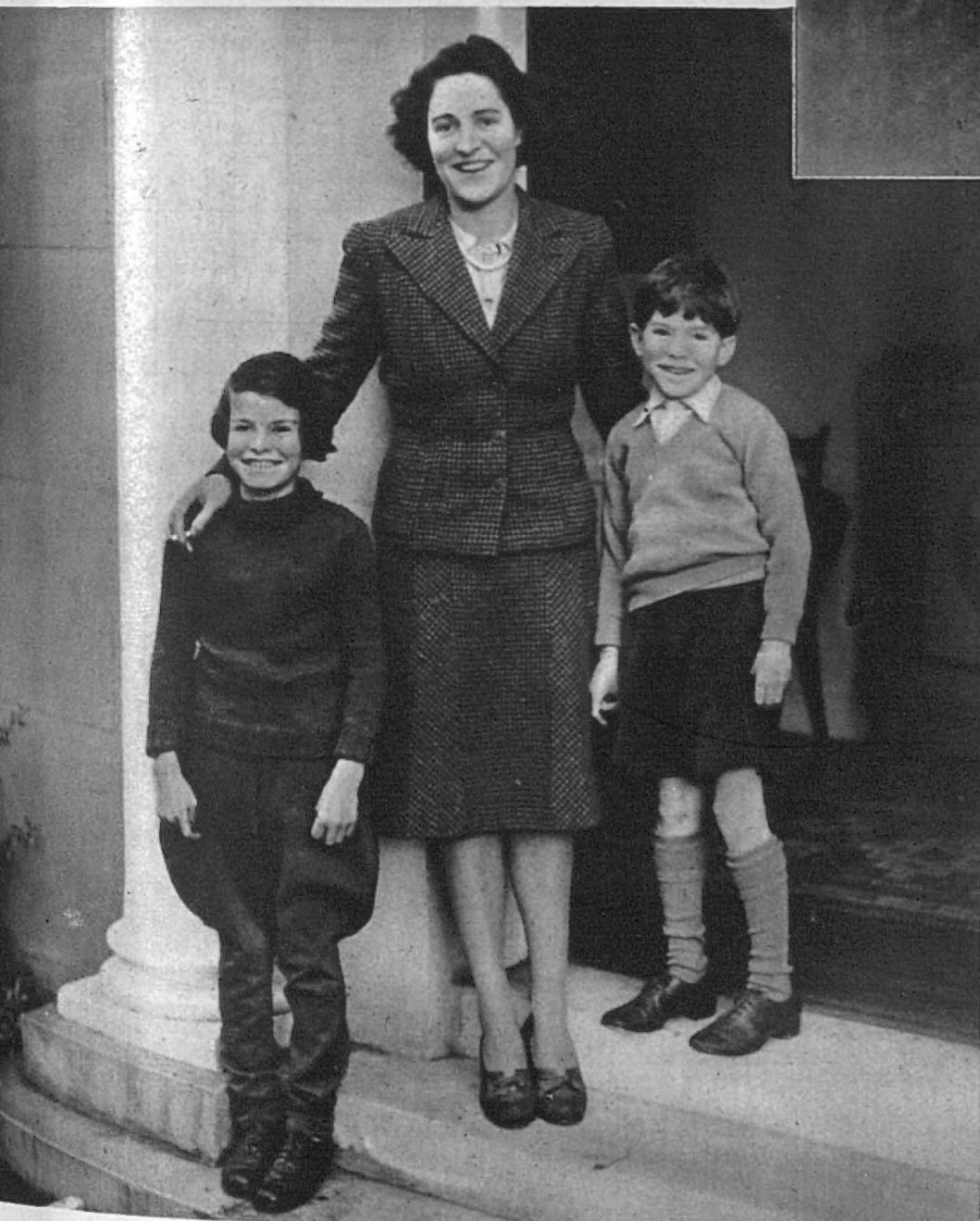
## From the Family Album

### General Alexander, His Wife and Children

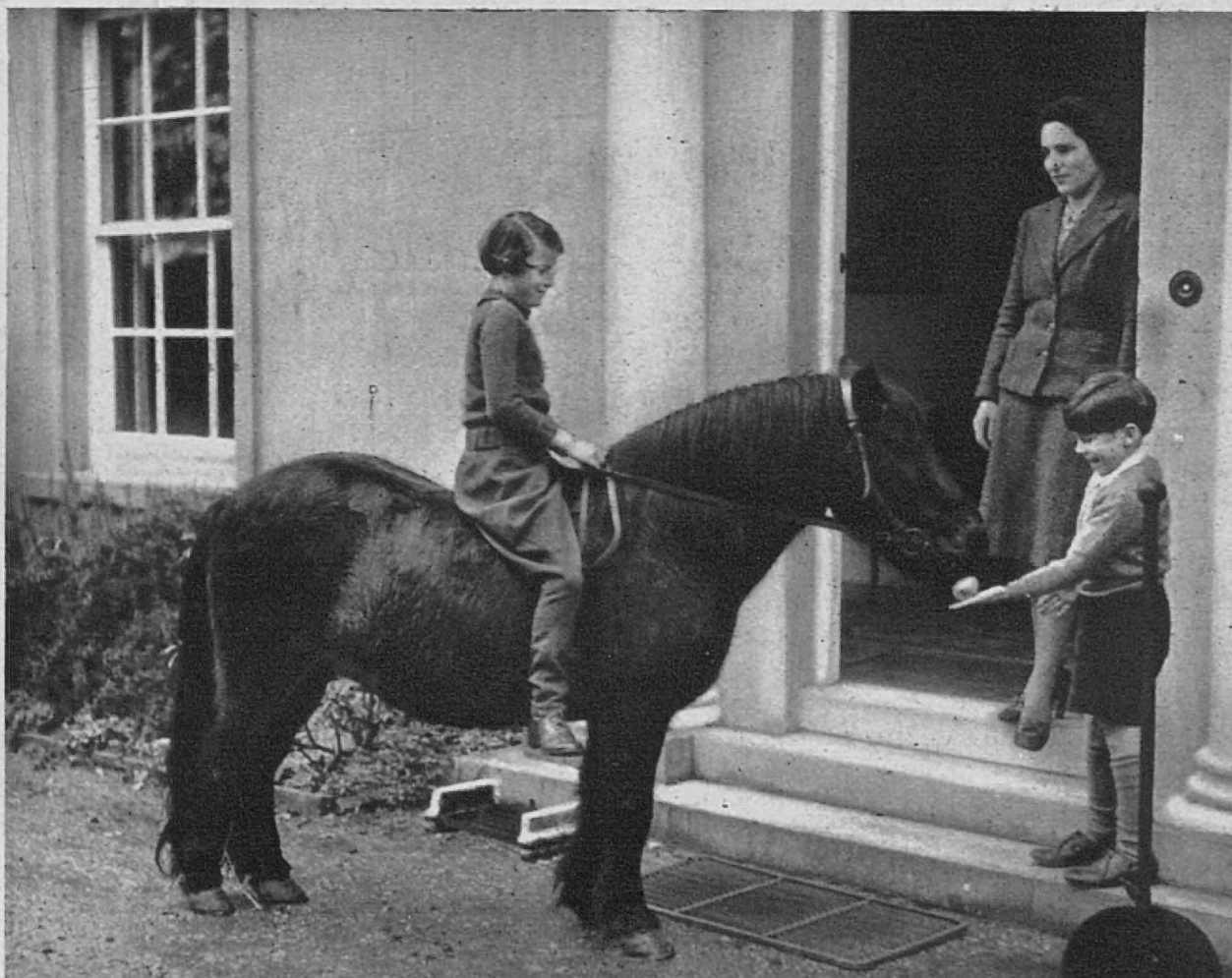
General the Hon. Sir Harold Alexander has proved himself one of the greatest living strategists of modern warfare. With General Sir Bernard Montgomery, he planned and put into execution the Eighth Army's attack on Rommel and his forces in Egypt, thus taking the first and vital step towards regaining for the Allied Nations full freedom of action around and through the Mediterranean. Like many of our most brilliant soldiers, General Alexander is at heart a simple man. At home in the English countryside, he finds his greatest happiness with his wife and three children—Rose, aged ten, Shaune, seven and Brian, three. These family pictures were taken when General Alexander was last at home on leave



*Brian is Given His First Lesson in Strategy by His Famous Father*



*Lady Alexander, With Rose and Shaune*



*The Pony Shares in the Family Celebrations*



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### *Gifts for the Red Cross*

**G**IFTS given by the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family are being sold by auction to-day and to-morrow at Derby House, in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross Fund. The Queen herself will probably be making some purchases, for when she visited the depot recently she remarked on a number of pieces, some of them very lovely, some historically important and some just amusingly queer. Of course, her Majesty will not bid publicly; it will be done through a friend, for members of the Royal Family do not make open bids at auctions.

Quite a crowd of well-known people welcomed the Queen when she arrived to inspect the exhibits ten minutes after the appointed time, because, as she explained to Lady Willington, who, with Sir Courtauld Thomson, received Her Majesty, the King of Norway had made an unexpected call at Buckingham Palace just as she was leaving. Lady Louis Mountbatten, slim, elegant and attractive as ever, was in the becoming uniform of St. John; Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, Lady Katharine Seymour (who came with the Queen), Lord Iliffe and Lady Hudson were others there I noticed, and in the afternoon still more distinguished visitors arrived when the Princess Royal came to look round the display. One exhibit that attracted the attention of both the Queen and the Princess is a picture of particular interest to all who have relatives or friends prisoners of war. It is a scene of a fire in a Dutch village, its interest lying in the fact that it was made by French prisoners of war in the days of Napoleon, using straw from their mattresses as their only medium. Thanks to University professors who undertake correspondence courses for our prisoners, and all those who help in supplying books for study, the prisoners of this war are, mercifully, not thrown so much on their own devices for passing the time.

### *Down from the North*

**T**HE Duchess of Northumberland has been making one of her occasional visits to London from the North. She was in a happy mood, for her eldest son, the present Duke, is back from Libya, invalidated home with a tired heart, due to the hardships of the campaigning out there. As the Duchess's London house in Prince's Gate has been vacated since the early days of the war, she makes her home in Northumberland, at Lesbury House, not very far from the family place, Alnwick Castle, which has housed a girls' school for some three years. Her duties as County President of the Red Cross for Surrey bring her to town periodically, and she then stays for a day or two at Albury Park, near Guildford, which she has let to the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke of Alba and Berwick. Albury actually belongs to the Duchess herself, and is not included in the ducal possessions. When she was in town recently the Duchess went to 30, Eaton Square, where her Comforts Fund for the A.T.S. has its headquarters. She takes a great personal interest in its work.

### *Reels Party*

**P**RETTY girls and smart Guardees thronged the Countess of Bective's big drawing-room at her house in Portman Square when Mrs. Walter Duncan gave one of her popular Reels parties. Though Lady Bective herself only had her debutante girl, Miss Elizabeth Clarke (in a pretty, slinky frock of powder blue), with her—her eldest son, Sir Rupert Clarke, is back again on duty in the East—Mrs. Duncan had her three daughters there, in great form. The eldest, the Hon. Mrs. John Grimston, was very smart in gold brocade, and—off duty for the time—the unmarried ones, Kathleen and Paddy, both in black velvet, made an attractive group when they happened to be together. Scots Guards pipers provided the music, and "Petronella"



*Captain the Hon. John and Mrs. Bingham*

The wedding of Captain the Hon. John Bingham, Derbyshire Yeomanry, younger son of the Earl and Countess of Lucan, and Miss Diana Chatfield, younger daughter of the Rev. J. Kyrle Chatfield, and the late Mrs. Chatfield, took place at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh

and the "Dashing White Sergeant" thrilled Scottish hearts. There was mulled claret at midnight, but no haggis this time, but, as always, Mrs. Duncan provided a supper at which everything was home-made, including patties and bottled fruits. Incidentally, the butter used came in a tin from India, sent by Mrs. Duncan's son, Atholl, who is out there in charge of the family tea plantations. Miss Jean Hamilton-Dalrymple, in all white brocade, was among the keen reel-dancers; so were Lady Mary Leveson-Gower, in a picture-frock of blue with puff sleeves, Miss Winifred Hardinge, and Miss Anne Heyworth, tall and fair, in a red frock which suited her well. Sir Arundell Neave, Sir Ralph Anstruther, Michael Musgrave, David Gurney (who brought his sister, Isabel), and Lord Forrester, with his brothers, John and Bruce, were all thoroughly enjoying the party.



*Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Letts*

The marriage of Lieut. C. Trevor Letts, R.N.V.R., and Miss Judy Woodcock took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on November 5th. He is the son of the late Mr. C. H. Letts and of Mrs. Letts, and his bride is the daughter of Sir Stanley and Lady Woodcock. F/Lt. Eric Frost was best man, and the wedding reception was held at 23, Knightsbridge



*Captain the Hon. David and Mrs. Woodhouse*

Captain the Hon. David Woodhouse, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, elder son of Lord and Lady Terrington, and Miss Suzanne Irwin were married on November 7th, at St. George's, Hanover Square, and a small family reception was held after the ceremony. The bride is the youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. T. S. Irwin, of Justicetown, Carlisle. Her father gave her away, and Captain Eric Cooper-Key was best man





*The London Wedding of the Hon. J. E. T. Mansfield and Miss Priscilla Ann Johnson*

Flt. Lieut. the Hon. John Edward Terence Mansfield, R.A.F.V.R., and Miss Priscilla Ann Johnson, second daughter of the late Mr. J. Fielder Johnson, and Mrs. Fielder Johnson, of Howard House, Dolphin Square, were married on November 7th. Above are Lieut. John Svensson, best man, Miss Gabrielle Johnson, the bride and bridegroom, Miss Pamela Johnson and Miss Nighean Fraser

The marriage took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, and a reception was held at 6, Stanhope Gate. This family group, taken after the ceremony, includes the Hon. Geoffrey Mansfield, Lieut.-Col. Lord Sandhurst, and Lady Parker (brother, father and sister of the bridegroom), and, sitting in front, Lady Sandhurst, the bridegroom's mother, and Mrs. Fielder Johnson, mother of the bride

Swabe

### *In the West End*

OUT shopping in the West End I saw Lady Lorna Howard with her only daughter, Kiloran, who is now taller than her mother, though not yet seventeen! Miss Howard promises to be very attractive, though she has not inherited her mother's lovely red hair. Another young girl out with her mother was Miss Benson, whom I met in Berkeley Street with Lady Morvyth Benson. She is a real "Ward" and has inherited her full share of their dark good looks. Her mother was Lady Morvyth Ward, second sister of the Earl of Dudley, the head of the big Ward family and now the head of so much in public life, having been Regional Commissioner for Civil Defence in the Midland Region since 1939. To say nothing of having his own home, Himley Hall, turned into a hospital! Amongst others who have nursed there is the newly-wed Lady Sykes, who was Virginia Gilliat.

Dining in a London restaurant I met Lady Abingdon. In pre-war days Lady Abingdon travelled a lot and spent a great deal of her time in Paris. Whenever the news went round that she was home again in her nice Seymour Street house, everyone was always delighted. Even people who serve her in shops and other places never forget her, as she has a kind word for everyone. Lady Abingdon is the younger daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, and sister of Lady Loraine, wife of Sir Percy Loraine, who was our Ambassador in Rome until Italy came into this war. Lady Abingdon was out in America during the early part of the war, and helped tremendously with the Bundles for Britain organisation on the other side when it was starting.

### *Week-end Roundabout*

ON Sunday night I found the Duchess of Sutherland dining quietly; one doesn't very often see her in London now. She was wearing the very plain "bandeau" she is so fond of, round her head, with two lovely diamond clips in it. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood was also dining there, with Captain Jack Clayton. Her brother-in-law, the Hon. Peter Wood, has just been killed serving with our forces in the Middle East; her husband, the Hon. Charles Wood, Lord Halifax's elder son and heir, is also out in this fighting area, so she is having a worrying time. The Hon. Mrs. Gardner was dining with two women friends. Near by, General Evelyn Fanshawe was having a few hours off duty, and had Mrs. Baron dining with him. Mrs. Baron's lovely home at Fulmer has been turned into a maternity home, for the duration, for the use of the wives of officers serving in the Forces, where they get wonderful attention in lovely

surroundings at very special fees. It has proved an absolute godsend and is always booked to overflowing!

At another London restaurant the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk dined together, the Duchess in very pretty sandals and a short dress over which she put an ermine coat when leaving. Miss Bunnie Sutton was among the attractive young women enjoying the evening. Lady Chator and Lady Moore-Guggisberg were members of a large party. It was a very wet evening, when taxis were as hard to capture as butterflies, and to "paddle your own canoe" could almost have had real as well as abstract meaning. Leslie Howard's naval officer brother was also about that day, and, another day, another smart naval officer—handsome Lieut. Laurence Olivier.

### *News for Americans*

MRS. JOHN BIGELOW DODGE and her organisation for looking after American members of the forces over here have moved from their premises in the English-Speaking Union to larger ones on the other side of the street. The tasks of arranging mutually congenial contacts between voluntary hostesses and Americans on leave, organising tours, expeditions and entertainments with the personal and private touch, and so on, are endless, and Mrs. Dodge, with her numbers of friends both here and in the United States, and consequent knowledge of national characteristics, is an ideal person for the job.

### *Reception*

VARIOUS people of interest were among the guests at this month's Overseas League Welcome Committee reception. The High Commissioner for New Zealand was there with Mrs. Jordan; so was Wing Commander Baron de Dorlodot, who is Belgian, and has just returned from a visit to the Belgian Congo; the new Ethiopian Minister; Sir Harry Luke, just returned from the Fiji Islands, where he was Governor; General Nye, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and Mrs. Nye, who wore her W.V.S. uniform; General Sir Alan Bourne, head of the Marines, and Lady Bourne; General E. K. Smart, of Australia; Flight Lieut. Hon. Oswald Berry; Colonel Pierre Tissier; Flight Lieut. Lord Morris; Mrs. Charles Sweeney; Admiral Muselier. Others there included Rosita Forbes (Mrs. McGrath), sweeping people into the wake of her vitality, and looking very exciting and smart; Violet Cressy-Marcks (Mrs. Frank Fisher) in an attractive pre-war Schiaparelli suit; Mr. Henry Channon, M.P.; Princess Melikoff, very tall and fair—

(Concluded on page 216)



Stanley Sutton

### *The Mayor of Wilton*

The Countess of Pembroke, C.B.E., O.B.E., has been elected Mayor of Wilton this year, a post held by her husband, the Earl of Pembroke, in 1932 and 1933. Lady Pembroke, who is a daughter of the late Marquess of Anglesey, organised the Wilton House Auxiliary Hospital during the last year



## "The Rake's Progress"

Ninette de Valois's Hogarth Ballet, Lost in Holland in May 1940, Has Now Been Revived by the Sadler's Wells Company



The Girl whom the Rake betrays, but who throws her small savings away to pay his tailor's bill, has been danced by Mary Honer. She is shortly leaving the company, after a long and successful career with them, and is going into a Christmas revue. Margot Fonteyn will then be taking the role of the Girl

When the Sadler's Wells Ballet visited Holland under the auspices of the British Council in May 1940, *The Rake's Progress* was in their repertoire. Almost overtaken by the German invasion, they lost scenery, dresses and music of a number of ballets. A month ago *The Rake's Progress* was revived, decor and dresses having been redesigned by Rex Whistler from memory and old photographs, and music having been re-orchestrated by Gavin Gordon from his piano score. Robert Helpmann returns to one of his most powerful dramatic roles in this ballet, which otherwise is now danced by an entirely new cast. First composed in 1935 by Ninette de Valois, after Hogarth's famous series of pictures, *The Rake's Progress* takes as important and successful a place in the Company's present repertoire as it did in the old days in Rosebery Avenue

Photographs by Tunbridge-Scdwick



*The Rake* (Robert Helpmann), gay, gallant and scarlet-coated, has inherited a fortune. At once a swarm of hangers-on infest his new house. Among them is the Dancing-master (Gordon Hamilton), who accompanies his neat-footed instruction on the violin



*A Virtuous Interlude* takes place in a street near Covent Garden. Two of the Rake's creditors (Anthony Burke, David Paltenghi) are waiting for him, and so is the Tailor (Ray Powell), whose bill for his client's scarlet coat horrifies the Girl (Mary Honer)



*In the Gambling Den* the Rake loses the last remnants of fortune and reason. The four card players watching him from the table are the Jockey (Franklin White), the Rake's friend (Alexis Rassine) and two braves (John Field and Anthony Burke)





*The Rake and His Friend (Alexis Rassine) Visit a Brothel*



*The Street Musicians (Joy Newton, Nigel Desmond, John Field) appear from the gutter to share the pickings of the Rake's failing fortune. In front, one of the Ladies of the Town (Palma Nye) serenades a bottle of wine*



*The Orgy becomes wilder and wilder. Lolling round the Rake and his Friend are the Ladies of the Town (Celia Franca, Joan Sheldon, Pauline Clayden, Moyra Fraser, Palma Nye), the Servant (June Vincent) and the Dancer (Patricia Garnett)*



*In the Madhouse, the Rake, "wasted by disease and consumed by remorse," has lunatics for his companions. Mopping and mowing in imbecile sympathy are the Sailor (Ray Powell), the Gentleman with the Rope (Gordon Hamilton), the Rake's Friend (Alexis Rassine), the Violinist (David Paltenghi)*



*Sensation-hungry Ladies pay a visit to the Madhouse as part of their round of entertainment. The Girl too, bewildered and pitiful, finds her one-time lover, the Rake, among the lunatics, and is there to watch fearfully the last tortured moments of his dying*



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Rommel's trick of leaving H.Q. and dashing into the front line to direct operations in person raises a problem of etiquette which they were arguing in Marlborough's wars, and maybe long before, and which we little Home Guard Napoleons can't settle yet. Namely, should a commander be what Marshal Saxe contemptuously called *le sergent du bataille*, or should he stay put among his maps and messages?

Slogger Saxe, who wrote a book on it, has no doubt that a generalissimo's job is to say "Such-and-such a Corps will attack, such-and-such a Corps will support," and to leave the rest to the men on the spot. Most regimental officers used also to agree that the further away from the rough stuff generals were the better. Who? What? Where? Which? Why? When? What? What? What? A chap once swore to us that when asked in a terrific hot spot what the hell he thought he was doing he replied to his brigadier "I am playing, Sir, very beautifully, the Bach Chaconne on my sweet, bloody little marzipan fiddle," but he was probably a liar. Those ideas occurred afterwards.

## Solution

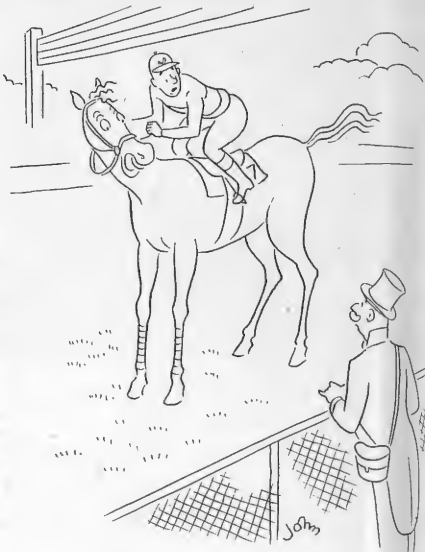
IN this war generals seem more alert, genial, popular, and knowledgeable, also aware of what is actually going on, and thus qualified for the front line. This revolution in the military art came in

apparently during those famous Army reforms of the 1930's. Brasshats were driven so crazy by having to supply fresh red roses for the troops daily that they took in desperation to studying battlecraft, or so a chap tells us who has an aunt in the War House.

## Souvenir

ONE hundred guineas—£45 more than Goldsmith got for *The Vicar of Wakefield*—was all Stevenson got for the book-rights of *Treasure Island*, we learn from the obituaries last week of the chap who secured them.

Stevenson ought to have got much more, because his gentlemanly pirates do all their real swearing offstage, unlike the pirates in Masefield's *Lost Endeavour* (a far finer story, if we have to fight the entire Scottish nation). Masefield's pirates swear so admirably in Anglo-Spanish that no British or American publisher would look at *Lost Endeavour* for a long time, publishers being noted for great virginal delicacy and leading very beautiful lives dedicated to their fellow-men. Even now, we're told, publishers' wives and daughters draw aside their bombazine skirts and avert their heads when passing Nelson's, who ultimately accepted Masefield's book. Nelson's are not "asked," of course; even after dinner.



"Which way did they go?"

Dear Heaven, we talk as if we dined freely with publishers! The truth is they sometimes let us finish up the scraps behind a screen after the grand people have swept, or staggered, into the drawing-room. The footmen hang round and sneer, the butler has us searched before leaving, by the area door. Still, we once opened a taxi-door for Faber and Faber.

—Quel beau jour pour vous, grand' pée!  
Quel beau jour pour vous!

Yes, we have our memories, egad.

## Tune

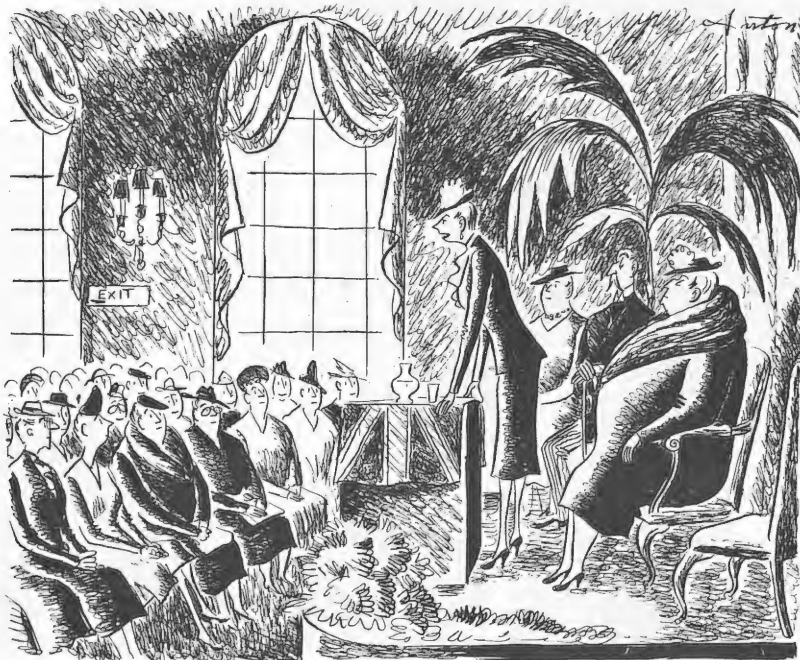
WHENEVER we hear some cynical sourpuss declaring that the mental age of the Island-Race is fourteen, we instantly set up an indignant yell of protest. It's fifteen, as was evident from that recent chanting of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" in honour of General Smuts by the leading big bonnets of Empire.

From the customary *Times* correspondence ensuing it appeared once more that the tune of this artless dirge—so evocative of bare scratched knees and damp snub noses—is a very fine old one, going back probably to the Crusaders, or at any rate venerable already when the French grabbed it for *Malbrouck*. Pretty woebegone it looks nowadays, roared by the Fourth Form and Cabinet Ministers and Rotary boys and cricketers. Like the tune of "Good King Wenceslas," which the Rev. Mr. Neale so evilly tore from a noble medieval Easter carol for his fake-Gothic doggerel, that tune looks to us like some great lady reeling round in battered rags and a charwoman's secondbest hat, full of gin and poverty and despair and breaking into comic, terrible little waggling dance-steps, like Yvette Guilbert singing *La Soutarde*. Whoops! Hold up, Ma!

## Call

INCIDENTALLY that spokesman of the Great Soft Centre who wrote to one of the dailies the other day

(Concluded on page 206)



"And I'm sure I can say we have all come to regard our President as a mountain of strength to cling to in the turmoil of modern life"



# Three Exhibitions of Art



## The Dean of Canterbury at the Soviet Exhibition

The Dean appeared to be particularly interested in the gathering of the harvest by men with but a few hours' respite from the battle-front. The Exhibition, which marks the 25th anniversary of the founding of the Soviet Republic, remains open until the end of this week

(Left) The Soviet Exhibition at the Wallace Collection was opened by M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, and Sir Edwin Lutyens. Here are seen M. and Mme. Maisky in the Poster Room, where modern posters of Soviet life are exhibited. On the left is Sir Edwin Lutyens



The Duke of Alba and Marquess de San Vicente del Barco, Spanish Ambassador to Britain, took his daughter, Lady Maria del Rosario Caytana, to the exhibition of Spanish paintings. The portrait in the background is of the Duke



## Exhibition of Paul Maze Pastels

Captain Paul Maze, D.C.M., M.C., has an exhibition of his pastels also at the Lefevre Galleries. He is now in the Home Guard and is seen in battle-dress with Major-General Sir Neill Malcolm

## Exhibition of Paintings and Art by Gregorio Prieto at the Lefevre Galleries



Miss Pamela Brown, heroine of "Claudia," the popular play at the St. Martin's, was escorted round the exhibition by Gregorio Prieto, whose work may also be seen in the museums of Athens, Madrid, Paris and Rome, and in the British Museum



Other interested spectators shown round by the artist included Miss Clarissa Churchill, Lady Juliet Duff and Lord Berners. Gregorio Prieto studied at the San Fernando School of Fine Arts in Madrid



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

demanding, in jealousy of the Scots pipers in Libya, that trumpeters be appointed to inspire the English troops similarly by playing "such tunes as 'Land of the Free' or 'Land of Hope and Glory'" didn't go far enough, big as his idea was.

He should have added (we think) "The Lost Chord" and "The Maiden's Prayer," stipulating further that the trumpeter should stand by an imitation kerb outside an imitation pub, so that the troops going into action could chuck him pennies. Or even rocks.

## Check

SUPPLYING a long-felt want, Irish newspapers are now charging normal advertisement rates for printing politicians' speeches, nine shillings per inch.

This will keep the stuff down and simultaneously improve the boys' style, which is generally flabby and otiose, as the dons say, to a stinking degree. If we were organising a similar reform in this man's country we'd charge the word "democracy" or "democratic" triple rates and "freedom" double. This would make a politician think a bit as he recites his speech in his nightshirt beforehand to his wife, or some admirer. Moreover, we'd charge all jokes, quips, or cracks ten shillings each. (You remember Chesterton's young political Duke? When he thought of a joke he made it, and was called brilliant; when he couldn't think of a joke he said this was no time for trifling, and was called able.) Most politicians' jokes are so abysmally cretinous that maybe we'd find ourselves charging £10 a whack, sobbing fit to kill.

There'd be a special tariff for the Ministry of Economic Warfare boys. Every time they forgot to say Germany's stocks of oil and metals are practically down to zero we'd give them a free show and a big box of good cigars; or at any rate a box of cigars; or at any rate a box of something.

## Diminuendo

EVEN the apple-barrel philosophers gathered nightly round the stove in Jed Goofus's drygoods store down at Zowieville, Mo., were less worked up over the recent American elections, by all accounts, than they used to be. The war is blamed for this.

American politics are more complicated, fascinating, and terrifying than anything we know, and the mobile pans of their politicians, which are often of pure rubber, count far more than in these islands, where any stuffed fish can win an election without once displaying his incisors. And the women are the most terrible. In Massachusetts during the Presidential election of 1928 we watched a group of iron-jawed sweethearts, who had hired an empty shop for that purpose, praying aloud in relays all day long for the downfall of Governor Al Smith, that humble man, who was reported to be digging a secret underground passage between the White House and the Vatican. It was scaring. Heaven heard their prayers and sent them a nice

fat Hoover and an economic depression which swamped America like a tidal wave.

## Tap

THIS is the type of baby, hardfaced, sweetish-smiled, indomitable, with eyes full of unction and ignorance, which put Prohibition across the States during the Army's absence in the late world war. If we were those boys we'd be buying a few stout hair-brushes and waiting for the Middle West women's clubs to start something similar again in this direction. Remember how the Parisians cleaned up the Jacobins' clubs after Thermidor? A timely tap on the bustle works wonders, they do say.

## Change

THAT recent fuss over the broadcast of a piece about the Guards called "They Die With Their Boots Clean" must have reminded dwellers in Arcadia that this phrase sums up modern British agriculture very neatly as well.

Mechanised farming enables the ploughman nowadays to plough in dancing pumps, or ballet shoes, or Bloomsbury sandals, or red Morocco Russian boyar's boots if he chooses, bouncing round elegantly in a tractor and spurning the clayey embraces of Dame Nature, D.B.E. No longer need he clump home with a ton of subsoil on each sole, thus returning to peasant ownership some of those millions of acres of common land stolen from the Island Race between the Reformation and the Industrial Revolution. This is naturally affecting his gait, which is becoming somewhat affected. As Slogger Gray would doubtless complain:

The ploughman minces home with graceful chic,  
And leaves yours truly absolutely sick.

Up to a generation or two ago the aboriginals down our way were noted for



"We haven't got the pamphlet yet, but the Sergeant-Major thinks it's some kind of gun..."

their long legs, due to the constant exertion over centuries of heaving their enormous feet out of stiff clay. In another generation or two they'll be like birds or ballerinas, maybe.

## Coma

RATHER peevishly complaining of the "lethargy" of a London audience, one of the music critics forgot to say how many were dead and how many in a normal coma.

Jolly old Papa Haydn, who loved a joke, played a memorable trick on audiences with his "Surprise" Symphony. That soft, soothing slow movement, a perfect lullaby, is well under way, and the congested dead-

pans are snoring sweetly, when suddenly a terrific fortissimo bang wakes everybody up and scares the natal stuffing out of one and all. Whether this is a better Haydn joke than his "Farewell" Symphony, in which the musicians vanish one by one as the lights go out, leaving only the conductor, it is difficult to decide. Sucks-boo to the audience when it wakes a few hours later and finds itself alone in the dark, certainly. But most musicians we know would rather have the crueller satisfaction of the "Surprise."

## Footnote

ANOTHER way to combat the old Island beri-beri would be to employ doctors to run round the concert-hall with lancets, letting a little blood from the comatose. That exquisite American clown Herb Williams, lately dead, used at recitals a grand pianoforte full of hens, water, coal, ironmongery, and whatnot, which poured out in torrents whenever he kicked his piano in the slats, waking up the dumbos with a violent start. Ourselves, we'd let 'em sleep and trip softly home to beddy-byes after playing the first five or six bars.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Henry, for goodness' sake don't wake it up!"





Michael and James pose with their mother beneath a water-colour by Percy Anderson of the babies' grandfather, the late Henry Gilbey Riviere (centre), and two great-uncles, the late George Gilbey Riviere (left) and Major Phillipe Gilbey Riviere

## Family of Three

The Hon. Mrs. Denison-Pender and the Twins

Mrs. Denison-Pender is the daughter of the late Henry Gilbey Riviere and Mrs. Riviere. In December 1939, she married Major the Hon. Richard Denison-Pender, younger son of Lord and Lady Pender, who is now serving overseas with the Royal Corps of Signals. Mrs. Denison-Pender has theatrical ambitions. She has appeared on the London stage, the last occasion being in *Dear Octopus*, with the late Dame Marie Tempest, at the Adelphi Theatre in 1940. Her home is at Naim, Compton, near Camberley



Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



# Week-End With

Evelyn Laye and Her Soldier  
Hours' Leave at Ayre's Court



Evelyn Laye's love of the sea, of ships and of men who sail in them is shown in the background she has chosen. It was painted for her by one of her oldest friends, the late Charles Dixon, R.I.



"Charles must belong to a circus family," Miss Laye says. "He walks on his hind-legs and dances gaily without any encouragement from me. He is a cross between a wire-haired and a smooth fox-terrier"

Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The heath beyond the garden is where Miss Laye walks and cycles daily. Her shopping-basket carries the week-end ration



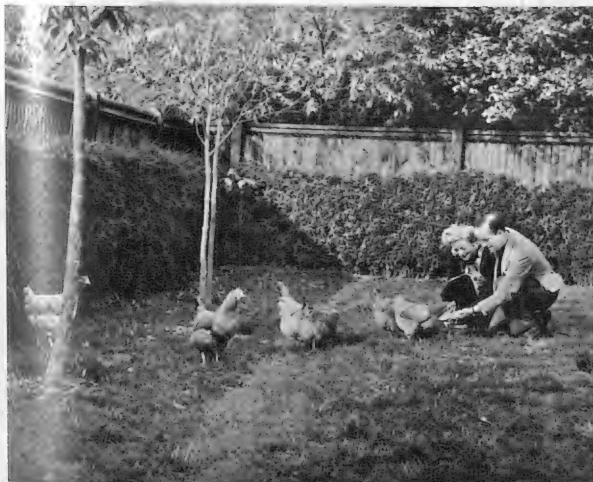
# he Frank Lawtons

Husband Spend Forty-Eight  
e, Their Home in Harpenden

Evelyn Laye and her actor-soldier husband, Captain Frank Lawton, must be one of the happiest and most popular couples in the world of the theatre. Evelyn, who is known as "Boo" to all her friends, is appearing just now at the Coliseum as the Belle of New York. She is a very vital and energetic person and, as Chairman of the Naval Branch of E.N.S.A., she has done really wonderful work in bringing entertainment and happiness, as well as many comforts, to men of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines, ever since the outbreak of war. She is quite untiring in the work she does and is willing to go anywhere, even to the most isolated spots, if it is to entertain the Navy. It was at her request that the final dress rehearsal of *The Belle* was thrown open to sailors, their wives and sweethearts. Frank Lawton joined the Territorials before declaration of war. He was called up immediately and went through the ranks before qualifying for his commission. He is now a captain in the King's Royal Rifles

*Left: the magnificent cocktail cabinet was designed by Oliver Hill. The ice-bucket is Gloria Swanson's gift to the Lawtons*

*Right: Charles is "Boo's" inseparable companion. He is nine months old now and was given to her by her husband*



Mr. Lawton's Young Ladies line up for extra rations. Left to right: Eva, Daisy, Molly and Claire, Bertha and Belinda



"We're not very proud of our cabbages. The butterfly caterpillar has beaten us to it. But the garden is virgin soil, so perhaps we'll do better next year"



*Bertram Park*

## A Popular Canadian: Air Marshal Bishop, V.C.

Air Marshal "Billy" Bishop, V.C., the famous Canadian airman, came to England two months ago, to inspect Royal Canadian Air Force units over here. As Director of Air Force Recruiting in Canada, he told of the enormous success of the Commonwealth Air Training Plan, which should prove one of the deciding factors of the war. Air Marshal Bishop was awarded the V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, M.C. and D.F.C. during the last war, when his official bag of enemy aircraft destroyed was seventy-two. A short time ago he had a tremendous reception from the youth of Westminster, when he addressed them at a rally at the Central Hall, attended by nearly every pre-service training unit, club and youth organisation in the City. It was probably the first occasion that he had spoken from a public platform in this country. The Air Marshal's own son, who won his wings in Canada, is now serving in the R.C.A.F.



# The Services

## At Home and Abroad



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Station Staff Somewhere in England

Standing (l. to r.): S/Ldrs. Rees and Wallis; F/Lt. Seward; F/O. Watson; S/Ldr. Davis; F/Lt. Barry. Sitting: S/Ldrs. Bowen and Lindo; C/Capt. Mason; Wing Cdr. Muspratt-Williams; S/Ldr. Bartram

(Right) Sitting: Majors R. Gurney, G. L. T. Eaton, M.C., Second in Command, Army Fire-Fighting Centre; Lieut. L. F. Morand, U.S.; Lt.-Col. S. N. Beattie, M.B.E., War Office Inspector of Fire Services; the Officer Commanding the Army Fire-Fighting Centre: Capt. R. B. Baray, U.S., J. A. Brown, M. E. Elson. Standing: Lieut. J. A. Wakefield, U.S.; Capt. J. W. Lough, M.C.; Lieuts. R. N. Jennings, U.S., J. B. Hanna, E. N. Sutherland, U.S., M. Butler, T. L. Soontup, U.S., C. J. F. McClellan, Capt. F. J. A. Cooper



A. J. Glover

Officers of an Army Fire-Fighting Centre



Officers of a Squadron of the Fleet Air Arm

Front row: Lts. G. L. W. Werts, M. B. Stewart, C. R. Story; Lt. Cdr. W. H. C. Blake; Lts. T. E. S. Bell, R. P. Demuth, W. Menzies. Middle row: Lt. W. H. Silvester; Sub-Lt. W. H. Jackson; Lt. G. Raynor; Sub-Lt. H. A. Williams; Lt. R. P. Bayle; Sub-Lt. G. W. Sweeting; Lt. J. L. Hamilton. Back row: Sub-Lts. K. G. Price, R. G. Lake, A. H. J. Williams, A. G. Miller, Mackay, S. J. McDowell



Officers of the Nigerian Regiment Overseas

In front: Capt. I. Grieve, J. Garden, P. Crews; Majors A. E. P. Bridge, A. Cameron-Haden; Capt. C. C. MacCullum-Stewart, R. Stuckey. Behind: Lieut. C. Harnett; Capt. M. Holden; 2nd Lieut. Unna; Lieut. Hulme; Capt. D. Heath; Lieuts. N. Gould, E. Webb-Gillard, B. Lang, E. Smith; 2nd Lieut. MacDonald



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Squadron of the Fleet Air Arm

Front row: Lieuts. Koeller, Taylor, Maguire; Lt. Cdr. Dykes; Lieuts. Hutton, de Labilliere, Parkhouse. Middle row: Lieuts. Pennell, Groundsell, Delahey, Luke; Sub-Lieuts. Haidar, Bellamy, Golden. Back row: Sub-Lieuts. Tait, Nihill; Lieut. Parish



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## The Gentleman's Privilege

THE British Army is still waiting for one of its most virulent critics to exercise his option. The Royal Navy also thinks that for the honour of the Senior Service an amende should be made to the Junior one, the first army to crack the shell in the War of Two Miracles.

## Parallels

AFTER the first count in that occurrence of June 18th, 1815, it was found that the Allies had captured 296 enemy guns with practically all his ammunition and baggage, and had inflicted 37,000 casualties, inclusive of prisoners, on him out of his original strength of 71,947. There were about 180,000 troops in all engaged. In a recent Guy Faux Day battle the preliminary count showed 270 guns, plus their modern equivalent, the plane, to the tune of 600, plus another equivalent, tanks 206. The casualties can be left over for the moment, but over 10,000 in prisoners alone was a very conservative preliminary estimate, considering that at the time of that first count the operation had lasted for 12 days. Waterloo began at 11.30 a.m. and lasted, excluding the pursuit, till about 8 p.m. The weapons used upon Guy Faux Day, and before, were far more deadly than those of 1815, but included almost all those then used. The two occasions were a toe-to-toe slogging match; there was not much room or chance for manœuvre. The man running the tactical encounter was in each case an Irishman, the Duke was from the South; Montgomery is an Ulster man. The only point of dissimilarity is that Wellington had no one standing behind him; Montgomery had an Alexander (another Ulsterman) posted not very far from the city which takes its name from the C.-in-C.'s famous prototype.

## Some More Coincidences

I QUOTE from, amongst others, Major-General C. W. Robinson (Rifle Brigade) in that admirable book, *Wellington's Campaigns*, and suggest that slightly adapting modern arms for those mentioned, it reads very like the battle which rolled out Rommel:—

Finally, the cavalry [tanks] of Vandeleur and Vivian moving down past the north-east corner of Hougoumont [Tel el Aqqakir] dashed at various bodies of the French, which were endeavouring to re-form and renew the combat; and now commenced what may be termed the 6th Phase [Guy Faux Day, 1943, say, the 3rd Phase]. Having directed this advance, Wellington galloped off to Adam's brigade [a bit further to the left]: this as it neared the Charleroi Road [say, Bir el Mukeissen or even Hemeimat] met three battalions of the first column of the Imperial Guard, which had re-formed; and Wellington coming up at the moment, ordered the 52nd [then the 52nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry—the 43rd 1st Battalion Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire L.I. having originally been the Monmouthshire L.I., both with the 95th, Rifle Brigade units of Craufurd's Immortal Light Division] to attack them. They charged and the French broke and dispersed. [The Italians threw in the sponge at Hemeimat—we knocked the Huns off their perch on the other part of the left centre.]

After Waterloo Gneisenau's cavalry had nothing but a broken and panicky mob to deal with, so we need not bother ourselves very much about that part of it. In the retreat of the enemy in this recent battle we had Germans still anxious to fight and some Italians, who would much have preferred not to do so. I suggest that these few little parallels may help to fill in the picture. In size Waterloo was a comparative skirmish, but it won a whole war. How much this recent scrap has won, we have yet to discover.

## A German "International" Polo Player!

HE [Von Thoma] is well known as a fine polo player, who represented Germany in International matches." *The Times* Cairo correspondent on November 5th, 1942: (a) What International? (b) Where, outside Germany, is this gentleman "well known as a fine polo player"? (c) Has there ever been a German who has been other than bumble-puppy form at polo? There is only one International Polo Cup, the Westchester, which, under a Deed of Gift, can only be contested between England and America (the Hurlingham Club and the Polo Association of America).



D. R. Stuart

## Three Airmen

Lt. V. R. E. Nissen, South African Air Force, from Transvaal, S/Ldr. R. D. Yule, D.F.C., and F/O. K. M. Barclay, R.A.A.F., from South Australia, are all in the same squadron over here

Von Thoma certainly has not played in any team which has competed for that Cup. The only other polo cup of an International character is the cup of the Americas, North v. South, which latter has hitherto meant the Argentine. Von Thoma has not played for that cup. So what International? Is he the hero of some polo contest between the Hun and some of his monkey-on-the-stick friends? I am certain that the Wops know no more about this polo game than do the Huns—and that means exactly nothing. The Germans, including the ex-Crown Prince, whom I have personally seen on ponies with polo sticks, have been a jest. When the Death's Head Hussars (the Crown Prince's regiment) were lying at some place just outside Danzig they built a polo ground, because, as must be supposed, they thought that it was the correct thing for a crack cavalry regiment to do, but a chap who once saw them all figged out with gloves, colours, brown boots and so forth, told me that they were



## Some Members of Aldershot House, R.A.S.C. Officers' Mess, M.E.F.

This photograph was taken on the occasion of a visit to the Mess of Major-Gen. E. H. Fitzherbert, D.S.O., M.C. Sitting: Lt.-Col. J. C. Cameron-Cooke, Major-Gen. E. H. Fitzherbert, D.S.O., M.C., Lt.-Col. W. L. Bain. Standing: Lts. P. D. Coleman, R. A. Gorse, Capts. C. R. Norman (P.M.C.), W. S. Delderfield; Major H. B. Vaughan-Arbuckle, Lt. J. S. Tatton-Brown, Major J. G. C. Low, Capts. N. G. Bellairs, C. H. Bushell. In front: 2nd Lts. C. W. Cash, L. Koltz



D. R. Stuart

## Selectors of Rugger Internationals

Major F. A. Sloan, of the Army Rugby Union, is seen above with his wife, Mrs. Sloan, his daughter, Pamela, and F/Lt. Austin Mathews. Major Sloan travels round the country looking for likely Army Rugby players for England and Wales, while F/Lt. Mathews picks the players for the R.A.F.





### First Birthday of a Training Wing

S/Ldr. Guy Earle, Wing Cdrs. Horton, W. H. Jordan, Bizzell, S/Ldrs. R. B. Whittingham and O. G. Simpson enjoyed a good joke after a celebration dinner somewhere in the North East. The occasion was the first anniversary of the Wing to which they all belong. One of the guests, a talented musician, played the piano during the evening

Victor Hey

just as funny as the Crown Prince and his friends were at Lucknow during that famous German snooting expedition to India a few years before the last war. I am sure that Von Thoma told *The Times* correspondent all that rot, but I expect that there were some British cavalry officers in Cairo who could have told the correspondent that it was just another bit of cheap German swank. International! Inter-Hell!

### A "Purser's" Name

VON THOMA is not a German-sounding name, so I suppose the "polo" player must be an out-cross with some non-Nordic race. The General Von Mackensen, who did so well in the Carpathians in the last war, was of Scottish extraction, a Mackenzie, so it was said. Barclay de Tolly, the "Russian" general at the time of Napoleon's equally unsuccessful attempt to conquer Russia, was a cross-bred. He was of Scottish descent from one Barclay of Tolly,

or, as I have seen it written, "Tuohy," which sounds to me more Irish than Scottish. He was of the same family as Robert Barclay, the famous Quaker (1645-1690), and he also contrived to have a strain of German blood in his pedigree. The Russians dubbed him "German-born," and hated him accordingly. He went out of favour after the fight at Smolensk, but later wormed his way back into grace and became Commander-in-Chief upon the death of Kutusov. These few historical references may explain Von Thoma. "Von" Ribbentrop, as we all know, bought the handle to his name after he married the Henkel Trocken champagne, a very cheap drink and never much good. His hunger for high society was well exemplified during his very unwelcome stay over here as German Ambassador. It was a positive pain to him to know anyone under the rank of a Marquess. Hess, another German snob, prefers Dukes, but he has had no luck that way.

### Army Marathon—Latest Betting

THE best offer obtainable is even money each of two. The betting in running is 6-4 on The Hog, 6-4 against The Organ Grinder. The Stop Press news from Shephard's Hotel in Cairo is that the suite booked by the Traffic Cop has been cancelled. The Mena House, which was also warned that rooms would be wanted by some Aryan Tourists, has been told that it can now let them to anyone it likes, provided, of course, that the applicant is approved by Alexander II.

### Tally Ho! Garn Away!

THE first indication that the quarry has broken covert was quite correctly given by that lucky young airman who saw him go. Tally Ho!, *pron.* "Taallo!" by most huntsmen, is the ejaculation emitted upon viewing the fox. You ought, of course, as a rule, to count at least ten—I think thirty is better in spite of what Mr. Jorrocks is reported to have said—and then you can make as much noise as you like. When the fox is well on the wing you can supplement your first exclamation with "Gone (Garn) awaaay!" The huntsman, as a rule, will help you with some instrumental music—short, fierce blasts upon his horn or trumpet, a representation of which it is quite impossible to reproduce with this darned pen, but they are most exhilarating. As a rule, it is deemed to be almost a capital offence to head the fox, but upon the occasion under notice anyone who can do so will be rewarded with the brush. This good huntsman from Ulster got away bang on the back of this roost-robber. He thoroughly deserves to handle him! Good luck!

### Bronco Busters

ALEXANDER I. was the only man who could stay with Bucephalus, who could buck like a Brumby, or Australian wild horse. Alexander II. has put another outlaw, who can give Bucephalus points in bucking and wriggling, exactly where he wants him. Both these animals were good enough performers to buck themselves out of their saddles without breaking the girths, and both, like all their class, turned it up the moment they found that the man on top was captain of the ship. There are a lot more bronchos who are going to be busted quite soon, and the remainder of the story of this Rodeo will be even more interesting. In the meantime, if you can get any sort of price about a horse named Tommy Atkins, take it for every penny you can scrape together. I am afraid that you may find it will be a case of buying your money, but he's worth it!



Cambridge v. The Wasps; The University Rugby XV. Wins by 8-6

Cambridge University XV., who have only been beaten by Bedford so far this season, won their match against The Wasps on their home ground. Standing: L. H. Elliot (referee), J. M. Langham, R. J. Lilley, P. W. Wildman, Bence, C. L. Foster, A. D. Thomson, M. Simmonds, J. E. Murray. Sitting: J. B. Marriott, J. W. Earp, J. R. Bridger, G. T. Wright (captain), G. G. Thrussel, J. H. S. Buchanan, D. G. England



D. R. Stuart

The Wasps Rugby team, composed of Service members who can get leave on Saturdays, suffered their first defeat of the season at the hands of Cambridge, after leading at half-time 6-0. Standing: L. H. Elliot (referee), A. Grimshaw, J. J. Remlinger, R. Keillor, J. Cameron, J. P. Law, W. Bebb, V. Malempre, C. R. Lee, W. Hulland (touch judge). Sitting: E. H. S. Tarbatt, G. A. Hodge, H. C. Clarry, Nevill Compton (captain), J. B. Bland, D. C. Morgan, G. Sampson



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Imperial Fairyland

**S**T. PETERSBURG, that "wraith city, but a murderous one; a city built upon bones," never fails to captivate one's imagination. It was created; it did not simply grow. With the first foundation-stones sunk in those Baltic island-marshes, Peter the Great imposed on primitive Russia, upon the Muscovy of his ancestors, the magnificence of the European idea. After him, three Emperors were to add, each by her own power, each in her own way, to the perfection of something that might have remained a fantasy. St. Petersburg, with its prospects and palaces, its great gates and squares and gesturing statues, became a stone miracle set in water—more sombrely strange than Venice, more haughty than Amsterdam. The city expressed, and remains a monument to, absolutism. It was conceived for the rulers, not for the people, and though *Leningrad* is, now, for the people, it must continue to feel, on its new spirit, the influence of the old intransigent form.

*Palmyra of the North*, by Christopher Marsden (Faber and Faber; 16s.), is the story of the first days of St. Petersburg—of the lives, loves and caprices of its imperial authors, of the architects and the artists, of so many nations, who brought to it their best gifts. Need I say that the story is fascinating, and that this book creates for one an entire world? Savagery and manners, passion and style, can seldom have been, surely, as strangely mixed. Mr. Marsden's feeling for men and women being as strong as his feeling for architecture, and his narrative powers equalling his descriptive, a balance of interest is, throughout, kept—I feel this book should

appeal to readers of every kind. If you like outsize characters, here are portraits of Peter, his niece Anne, his daughter Elizabeth, and her daughter-in-law Catherine ("the Great")—who, first known to St. Petersburg as a hoyden bride, was to become Europe's towering woman. Catherine, I may say, is only lightly touched in, and is quitted before her accession to full power. This seems fair: I share Mr. Marsden's view that enough—though never too much—has been written about her already. Catherine has, up to now, "camera-hogged" at the expense of her two predecessors—the coarse, vigorous, parade-loving Empress Anne and the voluptuous, fanciful, smiling Empress Elizabeth, that "perpetual debutante." . . . If, on the other hand, you want buildings to feed your imagination and rejoice your inner eye, here are palaces, waterworks, pavilions, Russian-baroque churches. . . .

I may add that, in these "austerity" days, I turn with pleasure to any accounts of luxury, however excessive, however far in the past. Parties—the grander the scale the better—feasts and expensive fantasies (such as exotic groves imported into saloons whose windows, outside, meanwhile steadily froze; firework displays of blitz

magnitude—and, in some cases, almost blitz-dangerousness—an ice palace complete with ice baroque furniture, in whose ice grates ice-soaked in petroleum burned; a de luxe tobogganning set-up, a 400-mile speedway lit by flaming tar-barrels for an Empress's through-the-night journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow)—all appeal to me, this winter. It was all sad, mad, bad—but remains, at least to my mind, completely enthralling to read about.

## Eccentricities

**T**HE hereditary Muscovite noblemen, or boyas, upon whom Peter the Great "inflicted," between 1700 and 1725, a social revolution as great (says Mr. Marsden) as any they were to experience until 1917, were at once a pious and a barbarous lot. Until Peter arose, their power had been unchecked. Russia, like China, had until now remained shut to the world; and the boyas' tradition of haughty courage enclosed some quite nasty old practices. (Women, for instance, were kept in intense seclusion; and it was quite in order to beat one's wife to death, or, if one preferred, burn her: no one asked any questions.) Moscow had, as a capital, been always good enough for the boyas. Accordingly, they detested St. Petersburg. That their Tsar should have made an European tour was, in itself, sufficiently revolutionary—they must now see him crown this by changing the face of Russia. Peter raised (at a vast cost in mortality) his new capital, planned modern palaces, summoned ladies to Court, reformed dress, insisted upon manners, and, by the force of a nature no less violent than theirs, brought the unwilling boyas to heel.

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

**T**HE other day I saw in a newspaper a delightful photograph

of two very noble ladies, sitting in a motor-car, broadly smiling, which, however, bore the somewhat unfortunate caption: "Seeing Blitz Damage"! And once again I wondered to myself why the psychological reaction of having your photograph taken unexpectedly is invariably a grin. I have seen pictures of heart-broken relatives, returning from Buckingham Palace, after having received the dear one's posthumous decoration, whose laughing expression might presuppose they had just been the surprised recipients of a box of chocolates! I am convinced that even a criminal on his way to execution would immediately look radiant if, on the way thither, somebody wanted to snap him. Is it all part of a kind of defensive armour which we assume to hide our own inner distress? Is it part of human vanity, which realises that the picture of our usual expression would never be flattering? Is it, like the laudable epitaphs on a tombstone, a kind of blind clutch by the unconscious at a taste of immortality—a snub to posterity by showing it what it has missed? I really do not know. All I know is that it is quite unnecessary for a photographer to ask us to "look pleasant," because the fact is we are hurriedly debating within ourselves which expression among our repertory is the most pleasing. Our decision may not always coincide with his—that is all.

Laughter is a kind of nakedness; but a smile, unless we are by ourselves, is clothed with intention. It seeks to create

By Richard King

atmosphere. It is politeness without words.

Nevertheless, it is only successful when it is the achievement of an inner reflection. The smile to order is a deadly thing; only, as a rule, interesting to dentists. It must come naturally—or not at all. Indeed, it is a gift rather than an art. Can anything, for example, be less infectious than the close-up of a film-star registering inner sunshine? The mouth and facial muscles in perfect order, yet the eyes as coldly fixed as destiny!

Another strange thing about a genuinely smiling face is that it usually hides a life which is grey in sorrow and frustration. The "Moaning Minnies" of this world have, almost invariably, very little to moan about.

If I wanted spiritual cheer, I would feel far safer visiting a cripples' home, or an institution for the blind, or even a dug-out in the front line of battle, than invading a carnival dance at even the rowdiest "palais." Indeed, I sometimes believe that only the inwardly saddest people ever know how to smile successfully. It is at once their armour and their self-support. The moaners, who invariably exaggerate their woes and enjoy the exaggeration, simply don't believe the valiant tragedians. "What a happy life they must lead!" they cry. "Always so smiling and cheerful." Thus are smiles often the most deceptive of human subterfuges, as well as the most enchanting. Nevertheless, beware the subtle difference between a smile and just a grin. The one is spiritual; the other, so to speak, is merely a dog wagging its tail.



A Noted Historian

Mr. Arthur Bryant, whose new book, "*The Years of Endurance*," has just been published by Collins, is the author of many historical works, and has been a weekly contributor to "*The Illustrated London News*" since he succeeded G. K. Chesterton in 1936 as the writer of "*Our Note-Book*." He has also written and produced several historical pageants, including the *Naval Night Pageant* at Greenwich some years ago.

The Courts of Europe had found Peter as old-fashioned (to put it mildly) as the boyas found him modern. He and his rough-house friends left a trail of wreckage in houses in which they stayed. For his part, if Europe impressed him he did not show it: he spoke with contempt of Versailles as "a pigeon on eagle's wings."

Amsterdam pleased him best of the cities—and Leblond, the French architect he imported (together with a whole team of craftsmen) was commanded to build St. Petersburg in the Dutch style. Stone took so long to carry to the new capital that Peter, impatient, had his first palaces executed in wood. He loved the sea, so a marine outlook was sought. Leblond's inspirations have been vividly pictured by Mr. Marsden.

The Empress Anne not only built little, but looked like deserting St. Petersburg: for some years the unfinished city felt the threat of decay. But the tall and glowing Elizabeth carried on from the point where her father had left off. French and Germans having already left their mark, she now gave the Italian, Rastrelli, full scope—with superb results. Rastrelli knew when to discipline, where to yield to, his patroness's taste for the flamboyant: he built her palaces which, of fabulous size, were as brightly coloured, in and out, as her costumes. Under Elizabeth, Russia had an Elizabethan Age of her own: the arts flourished; the Russian ballet was born. To-day, too much that she inspired has gone—one could weep, for instance, for Monbijou, as shown here. (This book excels in its illustrations.)

(Concluded on page 215)



# Getting Married

## The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Stuart — Weldon**

Capt. Humphrey James Stuart, R.A., son of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Stuart, of Merecombe, Kemerton, Twykesbury, married Aurea Elizabeth Weldon, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. Weldon and Mrs. Weldon, of Benthall Lane Cottage, Cheltenham, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Style — Caruth**

Lieut. Godfrey William Style, R.N., son of Brig.-General and Mrs. Rodney Style, of Wicton Grange, Boughton-Monchelsea, married Jill Elizabeth Caruth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Caruth, of Drumard Cottage, Ballymena, Northern Ireland, at All Saints', Maidstone



**Fradgley — Lawton**

Capt. Charles Anthony Fradgley, R.A., son of the late E. W. Fradgley and Mrs. Fradgley, of Silvers Close, Yateley, Hants, and Josephine Eileen Margaret Lawton, daughter of the late C. Lawton and Mrs. Lawton, of Cheshire, were married at the Savoy Chapel



**Waugh — Emerson**

Lieut. J. A. P. Waugh, eldest son of Major and Mrs. F. A. Waugh, of Worthing, and Barbara C. M. Emerson, daughter of Mr. Harold Emerson, of Barry, Glamorgan, South Wales, were married at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate



**Booth — Liddall**

Second Lieut. Henry Shepley Booth, R.E., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Booth, of Bowden, Cheshire, married Sheila Liddall, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Liddall, of Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, at St. Stephen's Crypt, Palace of Westminster



**Martindale — Knight**

Major Desmond Martindale, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Martindale, of Bedford, and Rosemary Knight, younger daughter of the late Capt. C. M. Knight, and Mrs. Broomfield Knight, of 54, Crompton Court, S.W.3, were married at Brompton Oratory



**Bull — Dalglish**

Capt. W. P. Bull, Scots Guards, second son of Mr. W. P. Bull, K.C., of Toronto, and the late Mrs. Bull, married Patricia Dalglish, second daughter of the late Capt. and Mrs. Charles A. de G. Dalglish, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



**Young — Daldy**

Lieut. Patrick Young, the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, son of Mrs. D. E. V. Young, of Alessia, Torquay, married Helen Frances Armine Daldy, daughter of the late F. F. Daldy and Mrs. Daldy, of Mountfield, Sandown, I.O.W., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



**Harris — Watts**

Lieut. David Victor Harris, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard C. Harris, of the Thatched Cottage, Esher, and Mary Watts, eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. A. B. Watts, of 3, St. Martin's Avenue, Epsom, were married at St. Martin's, Epsom



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 201)

she had travelled up from Portsmouth that day in warm, attractive tweeds for the journey, and is coming to live in London again; Mr. Hore-Belisha, smiling a good deal as he talked; Major Steffans and Commander Carr, representing the U.S. Army and Navy respectively; Miss Elizabeth Pusey, with a red ostrich feather curling round her hat, and a red dress; Lady Willingdon; and a variety of uniforms mingling with the more sombre suitings of those Members of Parliament not in uniform themselves.

### Three Hundred Party

AN invitation subscription party to aid the Scottish Women's Hospital Memorial Association, of which H.M. the Queen is Patron and H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester President, and at the same time to foster pleasant and happy relations with American and overseas visitors now in London, is to be held at Claridge's on November 21st. Lady Victor Paget, who is chairman of the Dance Committee, is to receive the guests with Lady Fairfax of Cameron. Various gifts will be raffled, including one sent by the Queen; the R.A.F. dance band is to provide the music, and there will be fortune-telling and stalls and booths to help make the evening a successful and happy one for everyone there.

### Private View

THE private view of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' annual exhibition was as crowded as in pre-war days, notabilities struggling for elbow-room among people who had come to see them.

Lord Woolton was there, elevating his mind above the national stomach for a pleasant change; Lady Seton-Karr, Lady Buckingham, Lady Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson, who expect to be back in their London studio more or less permanently from the middle of November; Mrs. Howard-Wyndham, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Birley, Sir Frank Newnes, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, and so on through the ranks of those who staunchly keep these annual occasions going, nursing them through bad to better times.

### Weddings

CAPTAIN THE HON. JAMES WOODHOUSE, of the Royal Norfolk Regiment, married Miss Suzanne Irwin at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bridegroom is Lord and Lady Terrington's son, the bride the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Thomas Strutt Irwin. The bride is a subaltern in the A.T.S., and was given away by her father; the best man was Captain Eric Cooper-Key, a brother-officer of the bridegroom.

Another wedding, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, was between Flight Lieut. the Hon. J. E. T. Mansfield, R.A.F.V.R., and Miss Priscilla Johnson. The bridegroom is the elder son of Lieut.-Colonel Lord Sandhurst and Lady Sandhurst, the bride the daughter of the late Mr. J. Fielder Johnson and Mrs. Fielder Johnson. She was given away by her great-uncle, Major F. Donne, and had three bridesmaids: her sister, Miss Pamela Johnson; her cousin, Miss Gabrielle Johnson; and Miss Nighean Fraser. The bridegroom's cousin, Lieut. John Svensson, R.A.S.C., was best man.



Steele

### Young Committee Members and Their President

Here are some members of the Ball Committee who are organising the "Three Hundred Party," to be held shortly in London in aid of the Scottish Women's Hospital Memorial Association. In front are Miss Oriol Ross, Lady Victor Paget (chairman), Miss Ann Gordon Ham, Miss Rosemary Grimbles, Princess Irene Obolensky and Miss Muriel Bazley; and behind are Miss Pauline Morris, Miss Rosemary Hewitt, Ordinary Seaman Walter Bazley and Miss Rosemary Austin. The meeting was held at Mrs. Bazley's house, and her son was home on leave at the time. The "Three Hundred Party" is mentioned above, in "On and Off Duty"

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 214)

### Hosts of Ghosts

MR. HARRY PRICE, in his *Search for Truth* (Collins; 15s.), tells the story of a life, his own, devoted to psychical research. In his investigation of paranormal phenomena, it has been his object to sift the true from the false. ("Paranormal" is a new word to me; I have gladly learned it, with others, from Mr. Price.) His patience, thoroughness and intrepidity are striking. Not only has he invented all sorts of lie-detectors, but he does not hesitate to closet himself with poltergeists—most of us would rather die than do this; would we not? Next to being shut up with a poltergeist, I should most dislike being a soi-disant medium shut up with Mr. Price—for his investigations are quite remorseless. Mrs. Tomson, from America, put up a good show when she succeeded in stuffing a snake and a bunch of roses inside the skin-tight black combinations in which, by a team of lady investigators, she had been not only stitched but sealed. But in vain. The lady who swallowed yard upon yard of cheesecloth, the gentleman who painted the soles of his feet with phosphorus, then lay on his back in the dark and kicked the air; the ingenious one who concealed prawns in a lampshade—none of these aspirants fared better. Even the "transportation" of Mrs. Samuel Guppy, in 1871, from Lamb's Conduit Street to the middle of a seance being held at Highbury—"she suddenly flopped upon the table, half-dressed and in a deep trance"—is sceptically mentioned by Mr. Price.

The genuine ones get the tributes that they deserve. There was little Eleanore, on whose arm tomtomarks appeared while she played about—objects, from a stiletto to a toy dog, meanwhile not ceasing to flash through the air round her. And this in broad daylight. The poor child had been driven from her own village, where she was found unsuitable for domestic life, but, very happily, she had been adopted by a Viennese countess who liked manifestations. Then, Braunau-am-Inn, Hitler's birthplace, has put out two other local boys who made good: the unimpeachable brothers Willi and Rudi Schneider. Willi left the occult for dentistry—did he, one wonders, carry over his powers? It is possible that Hitler's local pride in the Schneiders explains the favourable view that the Third Reich took of psychical research in 1937: academic honours were offered to Mr. Price if he would transfer his interest to the University of Bonn.

"Cases" abound. Straight ghosts, I should say, are few, but *Search for Truth* is generous with phenomena. "Did you know about 'apports,' and still more serious, are you subject to them? If a large tea-urn materialises upon your knee as you sit on the top of a bus (which did happen to one unfortunate man)—this is an apport. And did you know that there seems to be some connection between poltergeists and young persons? A visiting nephew or niece, or a new young servant, may (quite unwittingly and unconsciously) be the means of introducing a poltergeist into your formerly quiet home. Mr. Price makes no statement about this; he merely points out the result of his observations. . . . Haunted rectories, led by the famous Borley, occupy some space; we have also the tale of a few days spent at "Poltergeist Manor." Mr. Price gives an unresentful account of the dealings he failed to have with the Talking Mongoose—Gef, of the Isle of Man.

### The Child and the Story

IN *Told to Patrick*, by Rosalie Procter (Herbert Jenkins; 5s.), we have the New Testament stories, written as they were told, by a modern mother to her young, delighted son. Mrs. Procter, by the use not only of simple and vivid language but of the familiar images of the home, brings the stories close to the child's imagination and heart. I imagine that things are only real to a child when they can be merged, in some way, with his own experience. Here, the story of the first Christmas, the first Easter, scenes from the Holy Childhood, the different miracles, are told with a fresh sense of their wonder, and, at the same time, in terms of the everyday.

The telling of each story ends with a conversation, in which Patrick's questions—natural, eager and searching—are answered, as they deserve to be, with respect. *Told to Patrick* is illustrated by Mr. Ronald Procter's beautiful photographs—scenes in the everyday life of a small boy. I recommend this book to all parents who have not found it yet. And to the children themselves, I know, it will be a joy.

### Human Compass

"GRIM AND GAY": An Anthology selected by A. C. Ward (Oxford University Press; 6s.), is distinctive in having a plan, or pattern. One might call "endurance" the ruling theme. This is on all planes—comic as much as heroic; at home, by animals, or in the savage place. As for the pieces—the choice has been very wide. I was glad, for instance, to greet Mr. Pooter here. This anthology is first-rate; everything in it pleases and much inspires. The familiar has its place, but gems have been gathered from wide reading. Possess *Grim and Gay*—or give it to your best friend.

### Missing Aunt

IN *The Case of the Tea Cosy's Aunt* (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.), Anthony Gilbert combines macabre atmosphere with sound plot. A semi-blitzed block of Earl's Court flats is the setting. The aunt whose hat turned up under funny conditions turned out to be more sinister than most are. Mr. Crook's name is belying, but he is a tough nut and up, as it turns out, to every trick of the trade. Excellent fireside reading—always with the proviso that you do not live alone in an Earl's Court flat.





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*Sanderson's* LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

Warmly to be congratulated are Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, on the Austerity wedding dress pictured below. It seems almost unnecessary to add that it is made in accordance with the specifications laid down by the Board of Trade. White satin, backed marocain, has been used for its fashioning. The corsage is of the cross-over character and is softly draped—hence it suits the majority of figures; the sleeves are finished with mittened cuffs. The veil is of tulle with silken threads at the hem. This firm would be pleased to utilise an antique lace veil which may have been in the family for many years. They have an interesting collection of bridal dresses, those for the bridesmaids being in complete harmony. Again, there is the Utility lingerie which is, of course, simple; the colours, however, are very beautiful



Generally speaking, trousseaux have to be assembled in a short time. Nevertheless, the garments will have to be worn for a lengthened period. Jaqmar, 16, Grosvenor Street, are making a feature of informal or relaxation gowns, or again they may be called "on leave": women do need something attractive when their husbands come home. Surely nothing could be more appropriate than the one pictured above, which is of moire in lovely anemone shades, and can be shortened if desired. Note the flattering effect of the arrangement at the waist, which has evidently been influenced by the Swiss Peasant belt. The gathers over the shoulders and above and below the belt are novel, while the buttons fasten through. There are many variations on this theme, but in all cases they are perfectly simple. A feature is here made of tailored suits as well as wrap coats, which are admirably cut in materials which are the best obtainable, many of them being pre-war







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# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

ONE of the newspaper classics concerns the small-town paper that was conducting a vigorous campaign against the town council. One of their stories carried this headline: "Half The Town Council Are Crooks." Immediately an avalanche of criticism descended on the newspaper, so the editor promised that he would run an apology. The next day the daily carried this headline: "Half The Town Council Are Not Crooks."

A CERTAIN man neglected his account with his laundress for months. Finally he found this note among his clean clothes:

"Dear sir: You have owed me six dollars for four months. If you do not pay the whole by next week, I will put too much starch in your collars."

"Cordially, Mrs. Smith."

THE offices of the Inspector of Taxes and the Collector of Taxes were in the same building.

A woman who got into the lift said to the lift-boy: "Taxes."

"Collector or Inspector?" asked the boy.

"Taxes, please," replied the lady.

"Now, look 'ere, ma," said the lift-boy. "Do yer want ter pay or just 'ave an argument?"

PRIVATE DILLON asked for weekend leave from a United States training camp on the grounds of his wife was "expecting." He got it.

The following week he made a similar excuse, and again got leave.

But when he asked for leave for the third weekend, the officer in charge remarked:

"What is she expecting, anyway?"

"She's expecting me home again sir."

THE promotion manager of radio station L in New Orleans addressed a beautifully simple letter to delinquent clients:

"Dear Mr. —: Will you please send us the name of a good lawyer in your community? We may have to sue you."

"Yours very truly—"

MEETING the village "black sheep" in an advanced state of intoxication, the kind old vicar said sadly:

"Oh, Robert, and the last time I met you, you made me so happy because you were sober. Now you make me unhappy because you have been drinking."

"That's right, sir," replied Robert, beaming.

"Today it's my turn to be h-hic-happy."

THE following anecdote is taken from *Pilgrim's Way* by John Buchan (Hodder and Stoughton):

"At a political meeting in a remote Scotch border town, I was defending Lloyd George's Insurance Act as a practical application of the Sermon on the Mount. A shepherd rose and asked: 'Ye consider that this Insurance Act is in keepin' with the Bible, sir?'"

"I do."

"Is it true that under the Act there's a maternity benefit and that a woman gets it whether she's married or not?"

"That's right."

"Well, sir, how d'ye explain this? The Bible says the wages of sin is death and the Act says thirty shillings."

FROM *The Newspaper World* comes the following little yarn:

Once upon a time there was a Ministry of Information carrier pigeon. And as it was flying leisurely to its destination it was jostled by a second pigeon, which bawled: "Get a move on. I've got the denial."



Bernard Shaw's Plays for R.O.F. Workers

The Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts (C.E.M.A.) have recently been touring R.O.F. Hostels in the North and West Midlands with two of Bernard Shaw's plays, "The Village Wooing" and "Man of Destiny." Above, Mercia Scinburne and Walter Hudd are seen in "Man of Destiny"

An eight-gun Spitfire eats up waste paper at the rate of 500 old envelopes in every three seconds' burst of fire. Think on this, and do not waste paper of any kind.

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## HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

# WHICH FOODS GIVE US ENERGY?

Everybody knows that the man who does hard manual work and the child who is never still for a moment need more energy-producing foods than the man who sits all day in an office. Yet even the sedentary worker needs a diet of which half at least consists of carbohydrates, the energy-givers.

Obviously, then, the carbohydrates are important, especially for children. Fortunately they are cheap and so varied that any shortage in one group can be made up by substituting others in good supply.

Starch and sugars are the main carbohydrates. Starch is the chief constituent of flours and cereals. Potatoes, and the pulses such as peas and beans, are also rich in starch. Sugars are, of course, a problem to-day and it is best to save the syrup, honey, jam or chocolate for the children.

Fats are the other energy-makers. They give a reserve of energy while carbohydrates give quick energy. Fats are provided by lard, suet, dripping, butter, margarine and fat meat. Don't overlook the herring either; whether you eat him as bloater, kipper, or fresh herring, he's fine food for energy.

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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Legitimate Crow

TOTAL allied air power now totals to a greater total than totalitarian air power in toto. The fact has been made known officially and unofficially and there has been as a result a spate of self-congratulation. Ministers have been telling us that the output for October, 1942 (or any other month), is so much per cent greater than October, 1941, which in turn was so much per cent more than October, 1940, which was so much per cent more than October, 1895. All these statements of increase remind me of that famous word "considerable." When somebody wants to qualify a quantitative statement but really knows very little about the facts, he brings in "considerable." There have been considerable increases in output; the numbers of women employed have considerably increased; considerable improvements have been made in the methods of manufacture and the Royal Air Force now enjoys a considerable advantage over the enemy. All of which means much or little according to the temperament of the person concerned. For people of a pessimistic nature such as myself a "considerable" increase in anything means that there has not been a decrease.

All the same, it is true that allied air power has grown and outdistanced enemy air power in numbers. Its quality remains on the whole superior and that can be said without in any way belittling the fine achievements represented by the Focke-Wulf 190 and Dornier 217. There is legitimate cause for what the Prime Minister calls "sober confidence" in the air strength of the allies. If air power means as much as most fighting men believe, it may be said that a start has been made on the way to victory.

## Allies

I HAVE spoken of allied air power and it would be better if we always used that term. In the Middle East, where such magnificent work has been done by the air forces, there are Dominion and

allied air forces, working with the Royal Air Force. That applies to greater numbers of places as time goes on. We should, therefore, be careful how we refer to "Royal Air Force raids."

The Polish Air Force, for instance, is playing such an important part in both bombing and fighting that I doubt if the terms "R.A.F. raid" or "R.A.F. sweep" are ever correct when large forces are involved.

United States airmen are taking part in operations on many fronts in increasing numbers. The Royal Canadian Air Force, the Royal Australian Air Force, the Royal New Zealand Air Force, the South African Air Force and the Indian Air Force are all playing their parts together with the Fighting French Air Force, the Czechoslovak Air Force and others.

No one would object to the use of the term Royal Air Force to cover any operation in which the Royal Air Force itself plays an important role. The term is sufficiently inclusive to cover other units. But for the general public it is useful to be frequently reminded of the work of all the allied peoples.

## Tail Gun Versus Fighter

AS I write the tail gunner versus fighter controversy continues and has even reached a greater intensity than before. And all because some inoffensive person to whom the question of whether the tail gunner had an advantage through firing in the same direction as the relative air stream, replied: "An answer to that can be obtained only by considering the whole problem to be related to an accelerated frame of discrete points in a four-dimensional peace-time continuum"—or something of that kind.

All of which makes it rather difficult for the ordinary man, shooting an ordinary gun, whether from a fighter or a bomber, to know if he is more likely to hurt his opponent than his opponent is to hurt him.

## U.S. Mission

A GOOD point was made by Mr. T. P. Wright, head of the United States aeronautical mission that



Johnson, Oxford

## A Squadron Occasion

A silver salver was presented to Squadron Leader G. F. H. Webb by brother officers on the occasion of his recent marriage to Miss Peggy Bailey at St. Peter's Church, Hale, Cheshire. The presentation was made by the Commanding Officer. Other officers present are F/O C. D. Harris St. John, D.F.C., F/Lt. H. S. W. Chessum, Sq/Lr. L. H. Cooper, F/O E. W. Goddard and F/O E. H. Brown.

toured Britain during the latter part of October and early part of November. He emphasised that we should look on the aircraft made by the two countries as complementary. We should give up the competitive theories that prevail in the commercial sphere and seek always to match the products of our two industries together. In short, he implied that there should be less competitive talk and even fewer compliments; but more complements. And in his broadcast he drove home this point with the delightful remark that after all, there is enough war to go round!

Undoubtedly commercial competition is good for trade and good for technical progress; but it does want curbing or at any rate re-directing when war comes or else it begins to get in the way.

One listens to those who plead for the abolition of the profit motive with attention. But reason dictates that we should note that the profit motive has worked some remarkable things and that if it is removed some other driving force would have to be applied.

Only during war does the profit motive obviously find no place in the scheme of things. In peace time its removal would lead to a diminution in technical progress unless some substitute for it were to be found.



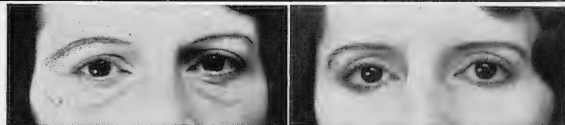
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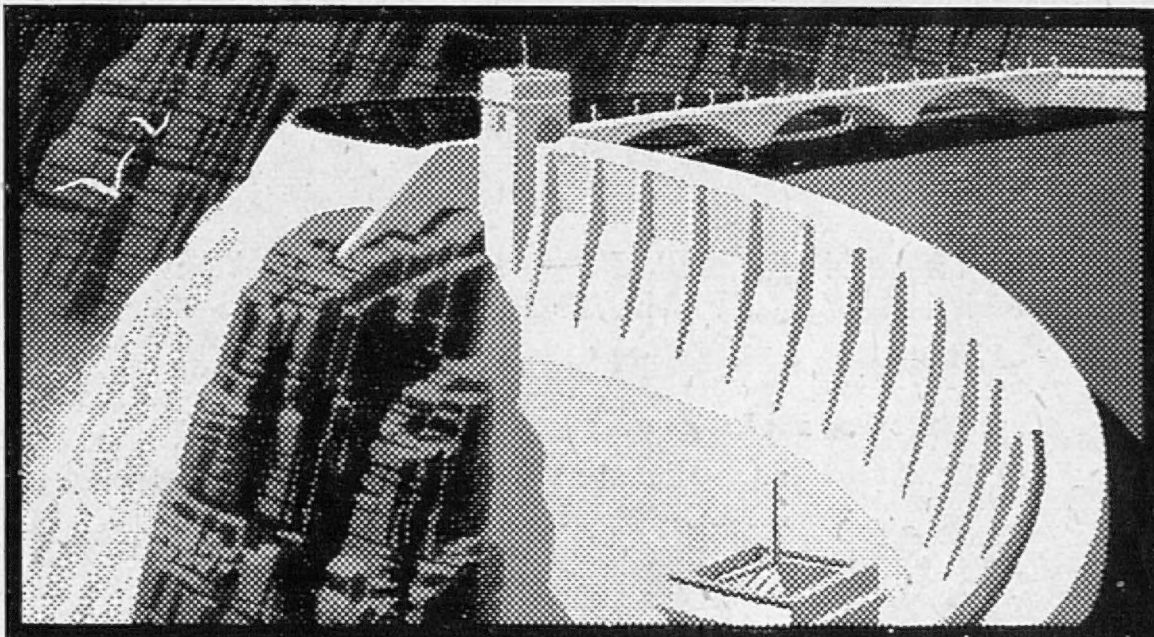
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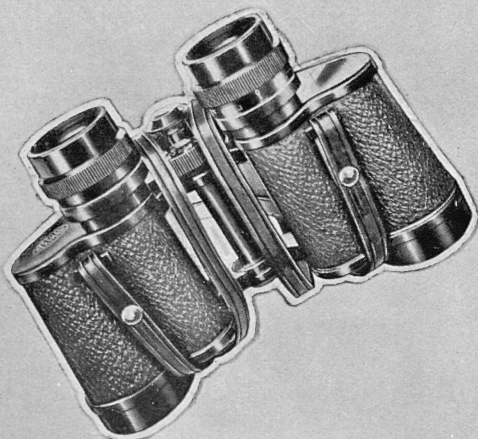


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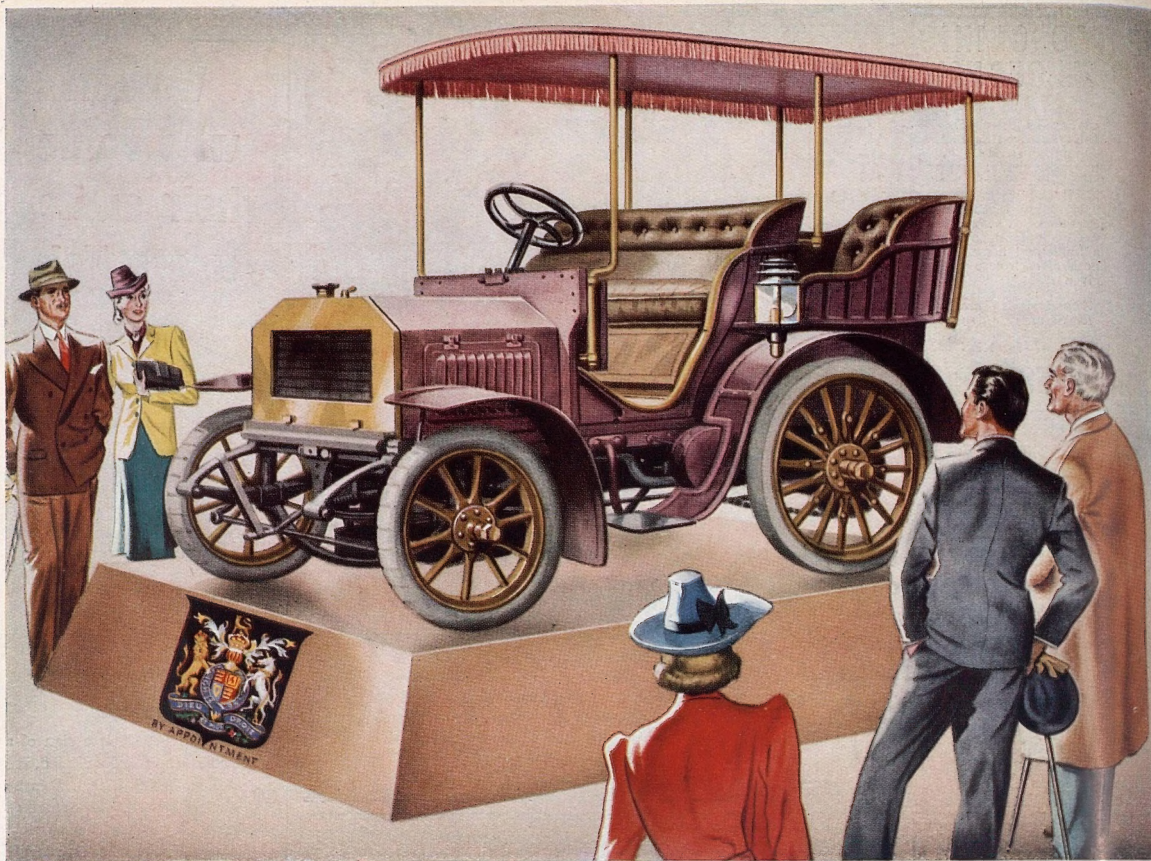
Index of Sizes  
clearly marked on stem

The demand for Barling Pipes is many times greater than the available supply. Take care of the one you already have and it will serve you well. When obtainable, prices are:

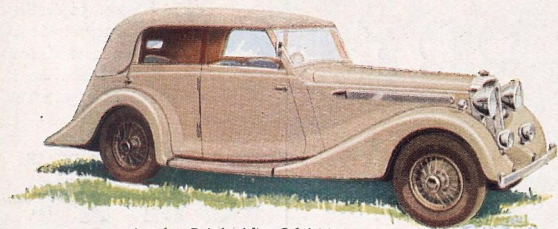
	S.S.	5-M.	L.	E.L.
Standard or Sandblast	10/6	13/6	10/6	20/-
Ye Olde Wood	5/5.	5-M.	L.	E.L.
Selected Grains	15/6	18/6	21/6	25/-

B. BARLING & SONS, LONDON, N.W.1 (Est. 1812)  
"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"





THE FIRST ROYAL CAR, supplied by Daimler to the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) in 1899, and now a valued exhibit in the Daimler collection of historic cars.



A modern Daimler 4-litre Cabriolet

first royal car—a 6 h.p. 1898 model—supplied to the Prince in 1899, is now one of the most valued pieces in the Daimler collection of historic cars. By his interest in motor cars in the days when they were still regarded in general with derision and hostility, the Prince proved himself a pioneer in the cause of mechanical transport. By 1902, when he had become King, the Daimler Company had already built four cars for him, and was constructing a fifth. Daimler remains today the truly royal car, as it has been since cars began.

Among the many other products of the organization responsible for Daimler cars are:

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DAIMLER BUSES • LANCHESTER CARS • JESSOP  
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